



No.78

BOY COMMANDOS



THE BATMAN

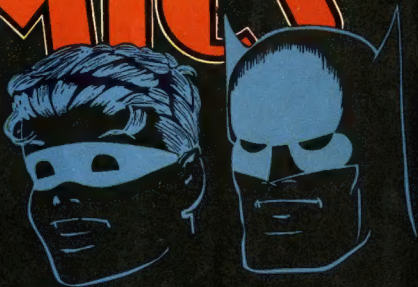
Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUG.
10¢

COMICS

BATMAN & ROBIN
PRESENT A TIMELY
PATRIOTIC STORY
WITH REAL PUNCH!
"THE BOND WAGON"



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BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
GREEN LANTERN
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered all publishers to use 10% less paper than in 1942, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly. ALL-STAR COMICS and WONDER WOMAN will become quarterlies. ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice in 1943.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,

Director of Children's Reading,
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

INDIAN PAINT—THE STORY OF AN INDIAN PONY

By Glen Balch

Illustrated by Niles Hogner

This is a story of wild horses on the great mesas of the West, and of the fiery little pony that was chosen by the Little Falcon to be his own.

Little Falcon, son of War Cloud, chief of the Pinos Indian tribe, had chosen well, for the little colt, Shadow, had all the gentleness of his mother combined with the fierce courage and speed of the great wild stallion, his sire. But Little Falcon knew that to win mastery over this wild pony would take much patience and understanding. He knew how to wait.

It is thrilling to follow the wild horse band as they race through the high Mesa. When the band was captured by ruthless horse hunters it was the great stallion whose strength and wisdom set them all free. Then Little Falcon, matching his own wisdom to theirs, followed the band to try to coax Shadow away from them. Together he and Shadow faced the winter's hardships, fighting off wolves and hunger. And when finally Spring came to the Mesa, Little Falcon had won the pony's affection and confidence. Proudly he rode Shadow's back, rode him triumphantly home to his own people.

This is a new book by the author of "Hide-rack Kidnapped." If you like horse stories, ask your librarian for this book.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus. No. 6)

SIOL QUL VIHXM UHX MNUGJM QCFF VOCFX NBY
QYUJIHM NI XYZYUN NBY DUJUHUTCM!

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS,

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

BATMAN

RAT-AT-TA-TAT! RAT-AT-TA-TAT! RAT-AT-TA-TAT! HEAR THAT SHRILL OF A FIFE ??
IT'S A CALL, BROTHER... IT'S A CALL TO JOIN THE PARADE ??
YOU, TOO, SISTER... YOU'RE IN ON THIS!

GET IN STEP! GET IN STEP! FOR HERE THEY COME!

THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE GIRL RIVETER, THE MAN MACHINIST
THE FARMER, THE BANKER, HOUSEWIFE, SCHOOLKID!
EVERYBODY'S MARCHING... MARCHING BEHIND THE MINUTE MAN!
GO BUY THOSE WAR BONDS! BUY THOSE WAR STAMPS!
GET IN STEP! GET IN STEP WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN AS THEY
GO MARCHING ON TO VICTORY WITH ...

"THE BOND WAGON"



IT'S ME EYES
THAT ARE GOIN'
BACK ON ME!

IT'S
HIM,
I TELL
YA!

NO, READER, YOU'RE NOT GOING CRAZY!
YOU ARE ACTUALLY LOOKING AT
GEORGE WASHINGTON WALKING
THE CROWDED STREETS OF
GOTHAM CITY IN THIS YEAR 1943!
OF COURSE IT'S AN AMAZING SCENE,
BUT EVEN MORE AMAZING IS THE
STORY BEHIND IT...

BOB
KANE



IT HAD WHEN DICK GRAYSON, WARD OF BRUCE WAYNE, WAS DOING HIS HISTORY HOMEWORK...

BRUCE, I'LL BET MOST AMERICANS DON'T REALIZE WE'RE FIGHTING A REVOLUTIONARY WAR LIKE THE ONE IN 1776!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IN '76 WE FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND WE'RE DOING IT AGAIN TODAY!



SILENCE FOR A MOMENT... THEN...

HUMPH! PEOPLE COMPLAIN ABOUT RATIONING, BUT HOW ABOUT THE PEOPLE OF '76? HOW ABOUT WASHINGTON'S STARVING, RAGGED, BARE-FOOTED MEN AT VALLEY FORGE?



WASHINGTON!! GOLLY, WE HAD SOME GREAT HEROES THEN! PATRICK HENRY, THOMAS JEFFERSON, TOM PAINE, SAM ADAMS...

AND BETSY ROSS... AND MOLLY PITCHER! WOMEN SERVED THEN JUST AS TODAY!



MORE SILENCE... THEN...

I'LL BET IF A LOT OF THOSE AMERICANS COULD SEE THOSE DAYS AGAIN THEY'D REMEMBER AND BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

EH?? WHY NOT? WHY NOT ??? DICK, HOP INTO YOUR DUDS! WE'RE GOING OUT AND PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS!



YOU GOING TO ADVERTISE FOR SOMETHING?

YES... FOR AMERICANS!!



THE NEXT MORNING IN THE "HELP WANTED" COLUMNS, THIS APPEARED...

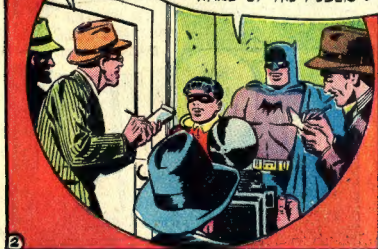
WANTED!
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
PATRICK HENRY,
NATHAN HALE...

AMERICANS! If you resemble any great American patriot of '76, call on the **BATMAN**, Room 76, Constitution Ave.

FIRST CAME THE REPORTERS...

WHAT'S UP, BATMAN? GIVE OUT!

BOYS, I'M ORGANIZING A BOND WAGON! I HOPE TO SELL WAR BONDS BY RE-STAGING STIRRING PAGES OF '76 AND SO WAKE UP THE PUBLIC!



THEN CAME THE MOB!

I'M A DOUBLE FOR BETSY ROSS!

I MAKE A PERFECT WASHINGTON!

I'M YOUR PATRICK HENRY!



LATER
BATMAN
INTERVIEWED
APPLICANTS
IN PRIVATE...

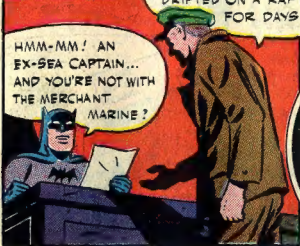
I WAS! A GERMAN DES-
TROYER SANK MY SHIP!
GUNS, CANNON WENT
OFF ALL ABOUT ME!
I WAS WOUNDED...
DRIFTED ON A RAFT
FOR DAYS...

... A FREIGHTER
FINALLY PICKED ME
UP! MY BODY RE-
COVERED... BUT NOT
MY MIND! GUNSHOCK,
THE DOCTOR CALLED
IT! ALL I KNOW IS,
WHEN A BIG GUN GOES
OFF, I GET SICK...
SICK WITH FEAR!

THEY
WON'T HAVE ME
ANYWHERE!
NOW I'M
MATT WILKINS,
THE COWARD...
THE CAPTAIN
WITHOUT A
SHIP!

IT TOOK COURAGE
TO TELL ME WHAT
YOU DID! I'LL GIVE
YOU A SHIP! THE
BONNHOMME
RICHARD OF
CAPTAIN JOHN
PAUL JONES!

HMM-MM! AN
EX-SEA CAPTAIN...
AND YOU'RE NOT WITH
THE MERCHANT
MARINE?



LATER, ANOTHER APPLICANT...

SAY,
YOU'RE
"PASSIN'
PETE"
ARNOLD,
THE
FOOTBALL
BACK
WHO...

... WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED
HIS TEAM BY THROWING
THE ROSE BOWL GAME SO
HE'D WIN MONEY BY BET-
TING ON THE OTHER TEAM!
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY...
**BUT IT ISN'T
TRUE!!**

ARNOLD,
IT IS TRUE
YOU NEEDED
MONEY TO
PAY OFF
YOUR GAMBLING
DEBTS!

SURE, BUT I'M
NO RAT! MY
PASSES WERE
ALL OFF BECAUSE
I WAS SICK! BUT
I HAD TO PLAY!
I WANTED TO WIN
FOR MY SCHOOL...
INSTEAD I LOST...
AND NOW THEY CALL ME
"BENEDICT" ARNOLD!

HMM... YOU RE-
SEMBLE A CER-
TAIN AMERICAN...
A MAN WHO GAVE
HIS LIFE SO AS NOT
TO DOUBLE-CROSS
**HIS TEAM! YOU CAN BE
NATHAN HALE!!**



SOON THE CAST WAS COMPLETE... AND AFTER MANY REHEARSALS, THE
BOND WAGON WAS READY TO ROLL!

C'MON, GEORGE WASHINGTON! WE'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR
YOU! YOU'RE
LATE!

SORRY, I LIVE WAY
OUT IN BROOKLYN AND
HAD TO CHANGE FROM
THE BUS TO THE SUBWAY!



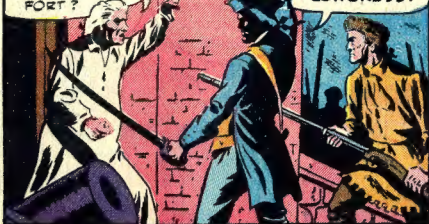
AND NOW,
READERS,
YOU'VE SEEN
EVERYTHING...
EVERYTHING
EXCEPT THE
ADVENTURES
THE BOND WAGON
MET ON ITS
TRAVELS... BUT
YOU CAN READ
ALL ABOUT THEM
BY SIMPLY
TURNING THE
PAGES!



THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT! THE CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA BY ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS!

BY WHAT AUTHORITY HAVE YOU ENTERED HIS MAJESTY'S FORT?

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS!



AFTER VIEWING THE PULSE-STIRRING SPECTACLE, PEOPLE MOB THE BOND STANDS!

C'MON, FOLKS! BUY A BOND AND BLUNT THE AX IN THE AXIS!

I'LL TAKE A HUNDRED DOLLAR BOND!

\$500 FOR ME!

\$1000 FOR ME!



BUT NOT EVERYONE VIEWS THE BOND WAGON WITH FAVOR! IN A ROOM SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA...

BARON VON LUGER, DIS BOND VAGON ISS SELLING BONDS: BONDS MEAN MORE PLANES, TANKS, SHIPS FIGHTING DER NEW ORDER!



IF ONLY YE CAN SABOTAGE DIS BONDVAGON YE ALSO STRIKE A BLOW AT AMERIKANER MORALE! TOMORROW DER BOND VAGON ENACTS DER CAPTURE OF DER HESSIANS AT TRENTON! DER HESSIANS WERE HIRED CHERMAN SOLDIERS...



AH! YOU HAF A PLAN! GOOT...

NEXT DAY, AFTER RECRUITING EXTRAS FOR THE BIG SCENE, BATMAN AND ROBIN STAND ON THE BANKS OF THE DELEWARE...

RIGHT! I WANT YOU THERE WITH THEM IN CASE THEY FORGET THEIR LINES! I'LL COACH WASHINGTON'S "ARMY!"



GOSH, THIS ICE IS A BREAK FOR US! IS THAT OLD, DESERTED TAVERN WHERE THE "HESSIANS" STAY?

THAT NIGHT... AS ROBIN GIVES LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS...

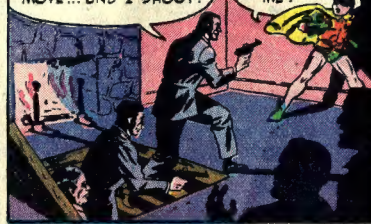
OKAY, NOW REMEMBER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GERMANS, SO HOP INTO THOSE HESSIAN UNIFORMS AND...

NEIN! VE TAKE DER UNIFORMS! VE DO NOT HAF TO PRETEND!



QUICK! YOU ALL GO DOWN DER CELLAR! BOY, YOU STAY HERE TO STOP SUSPICION SHOULD SOMEONE ENTER! YE LEAF YOUR HANDS UNTIED... BUT VON FALSE MOVE... UND I SHOOT!

I CAN'T HELP ANY BY BEING DEAD! BETTER PRETEND TO BE SCARED! PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ME!



AFTER THE ACTORS ARE
HERDED TO THE CELLAR...

UH .. WH-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO ?

"WASHINGTON'S ARMY"
CARRIES RIFLES MIT
ONLY **BLANK** CARTRID-
GES... BUT NOT OUR
LUGERS! YEN DEY LAND
--VE **SLAUGHTER** DEM!
HA! HA! GOOT, EH?

MINUTES TICK BY... THEN... A PAGE OF HISTORY **DRAMATICALLY**
COMES TO LIFE! AS DID THOSE HEROIC MEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE
IN 1776, ANOTHER ARMY CROSSES THE ICE-CHOKED DELAWARE!



**BUT... ON THAT PAGE OF HISTORY OF 1776, THERE WAS NO DEATH-TRAP
AMBUSHING WASHINGTON AND HIS MEN!**

HA! DEY
HAF STARTED!
NOW YE...
BOY,
VOT ARE
YOU
DOING ?

JUST
PUTTING ANOTHER
LOG ON THE FIRE!
I'M
COLD!!

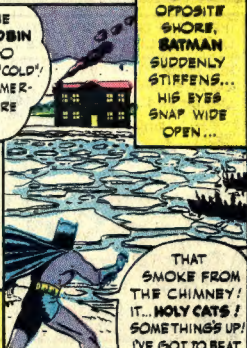
I...I BETTER
USE THE BELLOWES
TO MAKE A
GOOD BLAZE!
I'M FREEZING!

UND YOU ARE THE
"DAKE DEVIL" **ROBIN**
I HAF HEARD SO
MUCH ABOUT! "COLD!"
BAH! LIKE ALL AMER-
ICAN YOUTH YOU ARE
SOFT... A PHYSICAL
COWARD!

ON THE
OPPOSITE
SHORE,
BATMAN
SUDDENLY
STIFFENS...
HIS EYES
SNAP WIDE
OPEN...

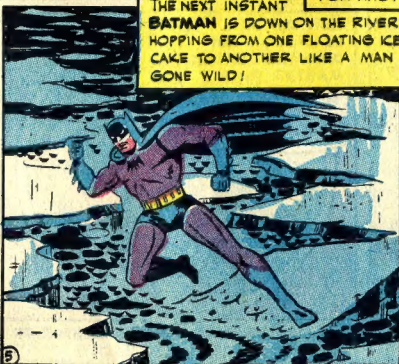


WHAT'S THIS? IS **ROBIN**
REALLY GOING SOFT? OR IS
HE USING THOSE BELLOWES
FOR ANOTHER PURPOSE?!!



THAT
SMOKE FROM
THE CHIMNEY!
IT... **HOLY CATS!**
SOMETHING'S UP!
I'VE GOT TO BEAT
THE "ARMY"
ACROSS!

THE NEXT INSTANT
BATMAN IS DOWN ON THE RIVER,
HOPPING FROM ONE FLOATING ICE
CAKE TO ANOTHER LIKE A MAN
GONE WILD!



ALL
BATMAN
HAS SPOTTED
IS SOME
SMOKE
FROM A
CHIMNEY,
YET HE'S
WISE
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!
HOW
COME
?

BUT ALREADY
WASHINGTON'S
MEN HAVE LANDED... AND ARE
MARKED MEN! - MARKED BY
LUGER SIGHTS!!



READY...
AIM...

THEN... GLASS CAPSULES PLOP TO THE FLOOR!

WELL!
TWENTIETH CENTURY
LUGERS AND
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
HESSIANS!
GET SET,
ROBIN!

HIMMEL!
TEAR
GAS!
COUGH!
COUGH!

PISTOLS FALL AS
THE COUGHING HES-
SIANS SCRAMBLE
FOR FRESH AIR!

COUGH!

COUGH!

AIR!

City
Tavern

THEY'RE
NAZIS! JUMP
'EM, BOYS!!

THEN IT IS THAT THE STARTLED BUT ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS EAGERLY WATCH THE ACTORS 'AD LIB' THEIR LINES AND MAKE NEW HISTORY!

HEY, GUYS! THIS
RATZI SAID
AMERICANS
ARE
SOFT!

OH YEAH! LET'S
CHANGE HIS MIND
FOR 'IM!

LET'S
PULVERIZE
'EM!

GEORGE WASHINGTON LIVES UP TO A REPUTATION!

I CANNOT
TELL A LIE!
I'D MUCH RATHER
CHOP YOU NAZIS
THAN ANY OLD
CHERRY TREE!

ACH! DOT BOY..
HE KNOCKED ME
DOWN! ME...OF DER
MASTER RACE!
AH...A KNIFE! NOW
I PROVE OUR
SUPERIORITY!

THE MASTER RACE, INDEED! MASTER OF
THE STAB IN THE BACK!!



AW!

ODDHHH!

ODDHH!

AND SO THE BATTLE IS WON!

JUST LIKE HISTORY, EH?

NOT EXACTLY! IN 1776 WASHINGTON CAUGHT THE COCK-SURE HESSIANS NAPPING BECAUSE THEY WERE HALF-TIPSY WITH DRINK!

THESE GERMANS WERE DRUNK, TOO--DRUNK WITH THEIR OWN BLOATED SUPERIORITY! HISTORY DID REPEAT ITSELF AFTER ALL!

YOU DEVIL! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT US?

BY SMOKE SIGNALS! ROBIN WORKED THE BELLOWES AND SENT UP SMOKE IN THREE SHORT PUFFS AND ONE LONG... OR THREE DOTS AND ONE DASH-- THE V FOR VICTORY SIGNAL!

THAT MEANT SOMETHING WITH A MODERN NAZI ANGLE, SO I INVESTIGATED! SIMPLE?

SOME TIME LATER, AFTER QUESTIONING THE NAZI PRISONERS..

WELL?

SO FAR, NO GOOD! NOT ONE OF THE RATS KNOWS WHO THE BIG RATS ARE! THEY RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS BY TELEPHONE OR TELEGRAM!

POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS

BUT THE BATMAN IS NOT THE ONLY DISBUSTED ONE...

DER FUEHRER VILL NOT LIKE DIS!

TCH! A TEMPORARY DEFEAT! BUT NOW I SEND A SHORT WAVE MESSAGE DOT VILL SURELY SINK DER BOND VAGON!

GOTHAM & GALS
BOND WAGON
ROLLS OVER
KILLS

AND THE BOND WAGON ROLLS ON!

THIS OLD SCHOONER MAKES A GOOD BONHOMME RICHARD NOW, BUT I HAD TO STUFF THE HOLD WITH CORK TO KEEP 'ER AFLOAT!

WHY THE BALL AND POWDER?

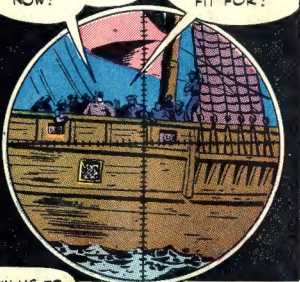
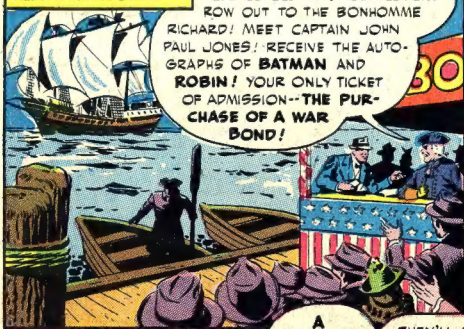
GOING TO FIRE A FEW BROADSIDES TO DEMONSTRATE HOW THESE OLD CANNON WORKED!

NEXT AFTERNOON...

LADIEE-EES AND GENTLEMEN!
ROW OUT TO THE BONNHOMME
RICHARD! MEET CAPTAIN JOHN
PAUL JONES! RECEIVE THE AUTO-
GRAPHS OF BATMAN AND
ROBIN! YOUR ONLY TICKET
OF ADMISSION--THE PUR-
CHASE OF A WAR
BOND!

WELL, WILKINS...
I MEAN JONES...
YOU'VE GOT A SHIP
NOW!

AYE... BUT ONLY
AN EXHIBITION
SHIP IS ALL I'M
FIT FOR!



THEN... A SLEEK SOMETHING
HISSES THROUGH THE WATER...AND...

BOOM!

TORPEDO !!

A
NAZI SUB!
THEY'RE
GOING TO
SHELL US!

THEY'LL BLOW US TO
BITS! THIS WOODEN
TUB WILL SINK! WE'LL
DROWN! THEIR GUNS
WILL BL...

STOP IT!
THIS SHIP CAN'T
SINK TOO QUICK-
LY! IT'S FILLED
WITH CORK!
GET A GRIP
ON YOURSELF!

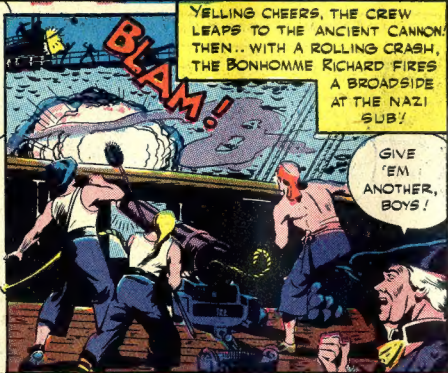
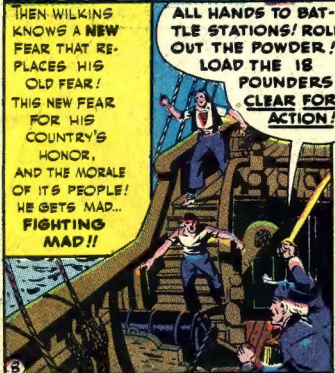
WILKINS, THEY'RE NOT
TRYING TO BLAST THIS
SHIP ALONE... BUT THE
BOND WAGON...AND
THE MORALE OF AMERICANS
ON FARMS, IN FACTO-
RIES, HOMES,
OUR ARMED
FORCES!
CAN'T YOU
SEE THAT?

THEN WILKINS
KNOWS A NEW
FEAR THAT RE-
PLACES HIS
OLD FEAR!
THIS NEW FEAR
FOR HIS COUNTRY'S
HONOR,
AND THE MORALE
OF ITS PEOPLE!
HE GETS MAD...
FIGHTING
MAD!!

ALL HANDS TO BAT-
TLE STATIONS! ROLL
OUT THE POWDER!
LOAD THE 18
POUNDERS!
CLEAR FOR
ACTION!

YELLING CHEERS, THE CREW
LEAPS TO THE ANCIENT CANNON.
THEN... WITH A ROLLING CRASH,
THE BONNHOMME RICHARD FIRES
A BROADSIDE
AT THE NAZI
SUB!

GIVE
'EM
ANOTHER,
BOYS!

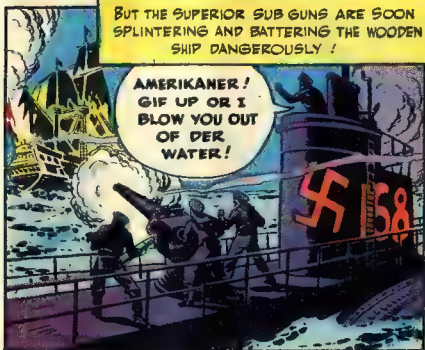


NOW THE PAST AND THE PRESENT
LOCK IN BATTLE! STUBBY, AN-
CIENT CANNON VS. MODERN SIX-
INCH GUNS! IRON SHOT AND BALL
VS. EXPLOSIVE SHELLS! WOODEN
HULL VS. STEEL PLATES!



BUT THE SUPERIOR SUB GUNS ARE SOON
SPLINTERING AND BATTERING THE WOODEN
SHIP DANGEROUSLY!

AMERIKANER!
GIF UP OR I
BLOW YOU OUT
OF DER
WATER!



SUDDENLY TO THE MIND OF ACTOR JONES,
COMES A RECOLLECTION OF A HISTORY
LESSON OF CHILDHOOD DAYS... THE
REMEMBRANCE OF THE IMMORTAL WORDS
OF JOHN PAUL JONES HIMSELF...

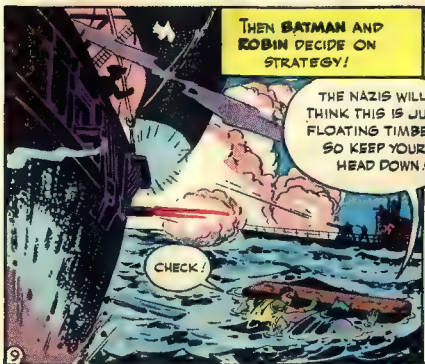
GIVE UP? I'VE NOT YET BEGUN
TO FIGHT!



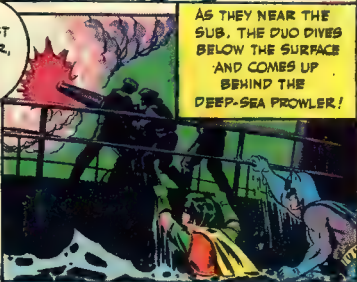
THEN BATMAN AND
ROBIN DECIDE ON
STRATEGY!

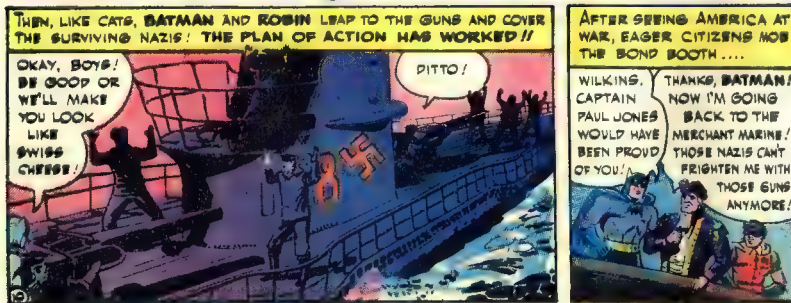
THE NAZIS WILL
THINK THIS IS JUST
FLOATING TIMBER,
SO KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN!

CHECK!



AS THEY NEAR THE
SUB, THE DUO DIVES
BELOW THE SURFACE
AND COMES UP
BEHIND THE
DEEP-SEA PROWLER!





BULLETS SCREAM AND WHINE ABOUT THE BATMAN AS HE RACES TOWARD THE SECOND GUN!

COME, PAL!
I'M GOING TO
NEED YOU!

BULL'S-
EYE!!

THEN, LIKE CATS, BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAP TO THE GUNS AND COVER THE SURVIVING NAZIS! THE PLAN OF ACTION HAS WORKED!!

OKAY, BOYS!
BE GOOD OR
WE'LL MAKE
YOU LOOK
LIKE
SWISS
CHEESE!

DITTO!

AFTER SEEING AMERICA AT WAR, EAGER CITIZENS MOB THE BOND BOOTH....

WILKINS, CAPTAIN PAUL JONES WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF YOU!

THANKS, BATMAN! NOW I'M GOING BACK TO THE MERCHANT MARINE! THOSE NAZIS CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME WITH THOSE GUNS ANYMORE!

NEXT DAY...

ACH! EVEN DER SUBMARINE VOU RADIOED VAS BEATEN!

WE HAF BEEN USING THE WRONG TACTICS! YE MUST DEFEAT DER BOND VAGON FROM DER **INSIDE**! THIS FOOTBALL PLAYER, ARNOLD... ANY MAN WHO BETRAYS HIS SCHOOL, VILL BETRAY HIS COUNTRY! HMMM!

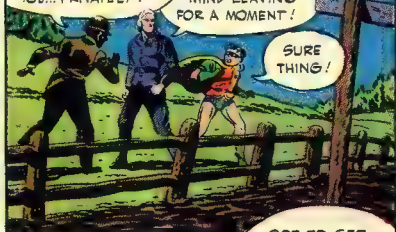


MIDNIGHT ON A BOSTON ROAD! **ROBIN** AND ARNOLD STROLL FAR FROM THE BOND VAGON TO TASTE THE NIGHT AIR...WHEN...

MR ARNOLD, I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU... PRIVATELY!

WELL... OKAY! **ROBIN**...DO YOU MIND LEAVING FOR A MOMENT!

SURE THING!



FAR FROM **ROBIN**, KARP SPEAKS!

I CAN TAKE YOU TO A MAN WHO VILL GIVE YOU MUCH MONEY-- IF YOU VILL SABOTAGE DER BOND VAGON!

WHY YOU...!! WAIT! WHY NOT? I CAN ALWAYS USE MONEY! I'LL GET RID OF THE KID, FIRST!



BUT **ROBIN** KNOWS-- FOR ONE OF HIS CRIME-FIGHTING WEAPONS IS THE **READING OF LIPS**!

THE MID-NIGHT RIDE OF **BOY ROBIN**!

LOOKS LIKE I'M PULLING A PAUL REVERE BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE **BATMAN**!



AND THOUGH HE PRETENDS TO LEAVE ... ACTUALLY, WITH INDIAN STEALTH, HE FOLLOWS THEM TO VON LUGER'S STRONGHOLD!

WOW! THE BIG RAT IN PERSON!!



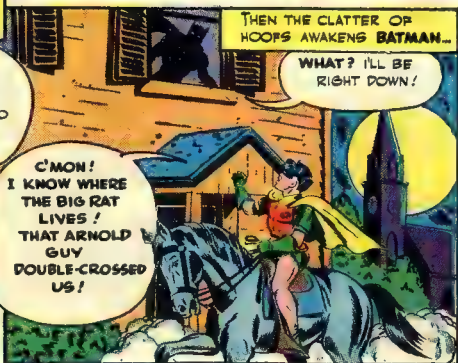
GOT TO GET TO THE **BATMAN**! NO CARS AROUND BECAUSE OF GAS RATIONING... SO I'VE GOT TO USE THE NEXT BEST THING!



THEN THE CLATTER OF HOOPS AWAKENS **BATMAN**...

WHAT? I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

C'MON! I KNOW WHERE THE BIG RAT LIVES! THAT ARNOLD GUY DOUBLE-CROSSED US!



MINUTES LATER! THEN TWO GLAMMING FRAMES CRASH THE SAB-OTEUR STRONGHOLD!

BATMAN!

YOU?!

YEAH ...
LITTLE ME!

YOU
MEDDLER!
I'LL TEAR
YOU
APART!

HO! HO THE GUYS
ACTING TOUGH!
YOU CAN TAKE
HIM EASILY!

ROBIN,
LIKE MOST
AMERICANS
YOU UNDER-
ESTIMATE
THE NAZI!

UGH! SEE... UNDER-
ESTIMATING THE NAZI
LEAVES YOU WIDE OPEN
FOR TROUBLE!

SEE HOW TRICKY THIS
NAZI IS? HE USES ANY
SUBSTITUTE AS A WEAPON!
THAT'S THE **ERSATZ**
IN HIM!

NOPE... THE ONLY
WAY TO GET THE NAZI
IS BY HITTING HIM
IN THE VITAL SPOTS
WHERE IT HURTS
MOST!

SEE... NOW HE'S SCARED! SO KEEP
HAMMERING AWAY AT HIM... KEEP
SOCKING UNTIL HE JUST NATURALLY
FALLS APART! THAT'S THE WAY
TO BEAT THE NAZI!!

SUPPENLY A GROAN COMES
FROM BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR!

IT'S
ARNOLD!

HE'S
SHOT! WE'VE
GOT TO GET
HIM TO A
HOSPITAL!

BATMAN...
BA...
OOOHH!

THE NEXT DAY...ARNOLD EXPLAINS!

I WASN'T GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSS YOU! KARPF WAS GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE BIG RAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR! SO I PRETENDED TO THROW IN WITH THEM!



BUT I GUESS I ASKED TOO MANY QUESTIONS! THEY GOT SUSPICIOUS ... AND SHOT ME!

ARNOLD, I'M GLAD I PICKED YOU TO PLAY NATHAN HALE! YOU'RE AN OKAY FELLA!



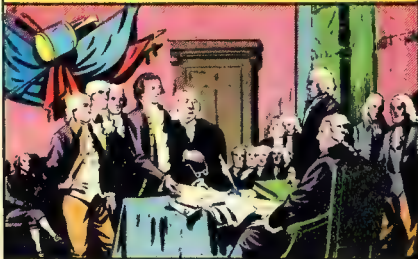
AND WHEN THE PRESS LEARNS, AND ARNOLD'S SCHOOLMATES LEARN THE TRUTH, A SPECIAL COMMITTEE INVADERS THE HOSPITAL!

I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THIS! THE SPORTS WRITERS OF ALL PAPERS HAVE VOTED YOU AS HALF-BACK ON THE ALL-AMERICAN TEAM!

ALL AMERICAN!
GEE... GEE...



AND SO THE BOND WAGON ROLLS ON... TO INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA... WHERE EAGER SPECTATORS WATCH-



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!!

AFTER THE STIRRING SPECTACLE, BATMAN ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE CROWDING THE HALL...

FELLOW AMERICANS, YOU, TOO, CAN SIGN A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE... INDEPENDENCE FROM SLAVERY TO SCHICKELGRUBER... FOR SHOULD THE AXIS WIN AMERICANS WILL BE SLAVES IN BONDAGE!



FELLOW AMERICANS! WHICH IS IT TO BE-- BONDAGE OR WAR BONDS?



AND SO A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IS SIGNED... ANOTHER DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FROM SLAVERY... A DECLARATION TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

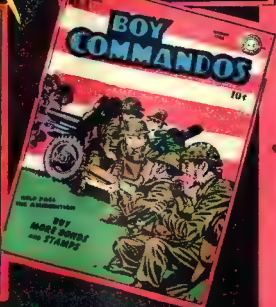
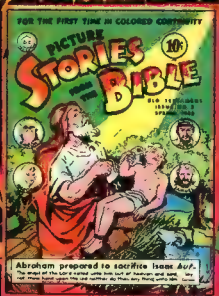
FELLOW AMERICANS, WE SALUTE YOU!!



THE END



**BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!**



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



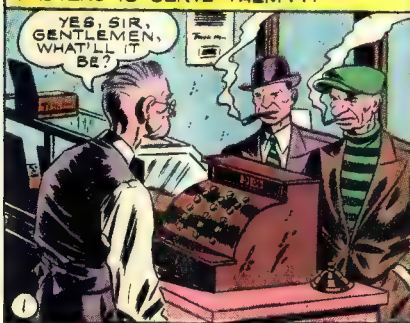
SLAM BRADLEY

MEMPHIS MIKE HAD A GOOD RACKET... SMALL-TIME, LOW-DOWN, BUT GOOD NEVERTHELESS! HE DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE PENNIES FROM A BLIND MAN, BECAUSE THAT DIDN'T PAY... BUT HE CAME CLOSE! AND THE RACKET WORKED WELL UNTIL MIKE AND HIS MUGGS MADE THE MISTAKE OF MIXING IT WITH THAT HAPPY HARD-HITTING DETECTIVE DUO OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN... WHO PROVED THAT CHEAP CHISELING CAN BE AN EXPENSIVE PASTIME AS THEY SET OUT TO GET...

**"THE
MEANEST
MUGGS IN
THE
WORLD!"**



TWO CUSTOMERS ENTER CONWAY'S CANDY STORE... AND THE EAGER PROPRIETOR HASTENS TO SERVE THEM...





YOU KIN ALSO
HAND OVER ALL
DA DOUGH YOU
GOT!

WHA..?

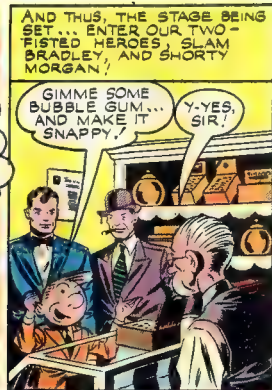
AND MAKE IT
QUICK, PAL,
BECAUSE
WE AIN'T GOT
ALL DAY! WE
GOT A JOINT
DOWN DA STREET
WE WANNA
STICK UP
DIS AFTER-
NOON!



TINKLE!

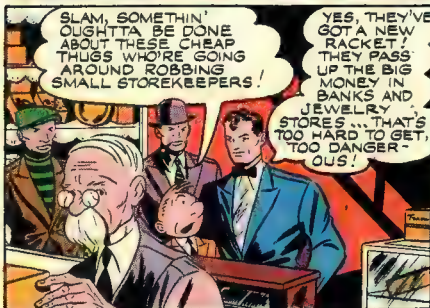
WHAT'S
DAT?

HIDE DA
GAT, QUICK,
MIKE! AND
PUT YOUR
HANDS DOWN,
SAP, AND
MAKE BELIEVE
NOTHIN'S
HAPPENIN'!



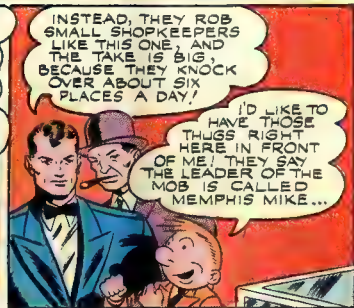
GIMME SOME
BUBBLE GUM...
AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

Y-YES,
SIR!



SLAM, SOMETHIN'
OUGHTTA BE DONE
ABOUT THESE CHEAP
THUGS WHO'RE GOING
AROUND ROBBING
SMALL STOREKEEPERS!

YES, THEY'VE
GOT A NEW
RACKET! THEY PASS
UP THE BIG
MONEY IN
BANKS AND
JEWELRY
STORES... THAT'S
TOO HARD TO GET,
TOO DANGER-
OUS!



INSTEAD, THEY ROB
SMALL SHOPKEEPERS
LIKE THIS ONE, AND
THE TAKE IS BIG,
BECAUSE THEY KNOCK
OVER ABOUT SIX
PLACES A DAY!

I'D LIKE TO
HAVE THOSE
THUGS RIGHT
HERE IN FRONT
OF ME! THEY SAY
THE LEADER OF THE
MOB IS CALLED
MEMPHIS MIKE...



WHAT I'D DO TO
HIM AND THOSE OTHER
CHEAP CHISELLERS!
I'D CLIP THEM SO
HARD...

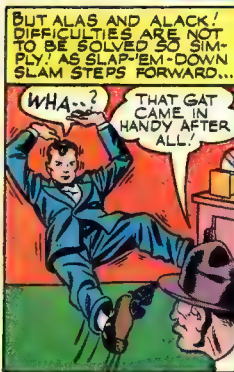
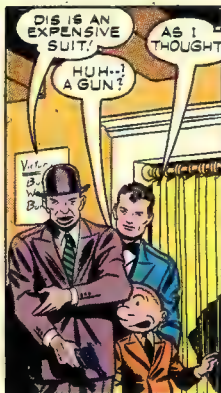
WELL,
WELL,
LOOKS AS
IF WE
STEPPED INTO
SOMETHING
HERE... THAT
STOREKEEPER
SEEMS PRETTY
NERVOUS... AND
THAT HAND MAY
BE HOLDING
A GUN...



H-HERE YOU
ARE M-MISTER!

OKAY, PAL!
LET'S GO,
SLAM!

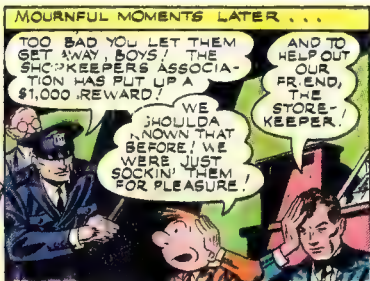
JUST A
MINUTE...
THINK I'LL
GET AN EL-
ROBO CIGAR!
I SMELL A
BIG CASE
COMING UP SO
I FEEL I CAN
SPARE THE
NICKEL!





AND DIS FINISHES DA LITTLE GUY!

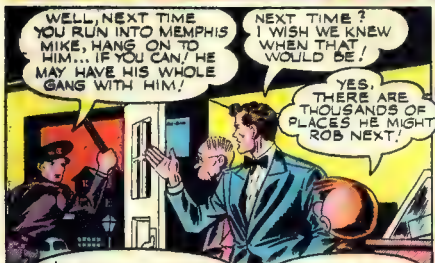
YEAH, BUT THE SHOP-KEEPER AINT HERE! HE MUSTA SNEAKED OUT! LET'S SCRAM BEFORE HE BRINGS DA COPS!



TOO BAD YOU LET THEM GET AWAY, BOYS! THE SHOP-KEEPERS ASSOCIATION HAS PUT UP A \$1,000 REWARD!

WE SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT BEFORE! WE WERE JUST SOCKIN' THEM FOR PLEASURE!

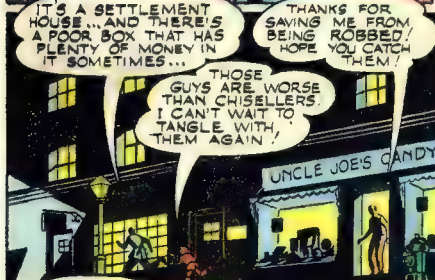
AND TO HELP OUT OUR FRIEND, THE STORE-KEEPER!



WELL, NEXT TIME YOU RUN INTO MEMPHIS MIKE, HANG ON TO HIM... IF YOU CAN! HE MAY HAVE HIS WHOLE GANG WITH HIM!

NEXT TIME? I WISH WE KNEW WHEN THAT! WOULD BE!

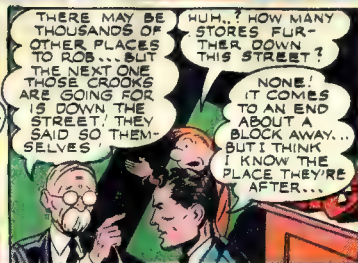
YES, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PLACES HE MIGHT ROB NEXT!



IT'S A SETTLEMENT HOUSE... AND THERE'S A POOR BOX THAT HAS PLENTY OF MONEY IN IT SOMETIMES...

THANKS FOR SAVING ME FROM BEING ROBBED! HOPE YOU CATCH THEM!

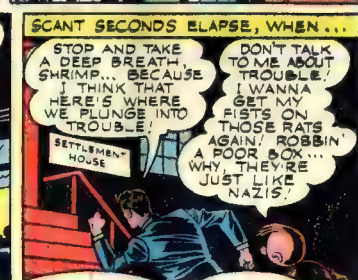
THOSE GUYS ARE WORSE THAN CHISELLERS. I CAN'T WAIT TO TANGLE WITH THEM AGAIN!



THERE MAY BE THOUSANDS OF OTHER PLACES TO ROB... BUT THE NEXT ONE THOSE CROOKS ARE GOING FOR IS DOWN THE STREET! THEY SAID SO THEMSELVES!

HUH...? HOW MANY STORES FURTHER DOWN THIS STREET?

NONE! IT COMES TO AN END ABOUT A BLOCK AWAY... BUT I THINK I KNOW THE PLACE THEY'RE AFTER...



SCANT SECONDS ELAPSE, WHEN...

STOP AND TAKE A DEEP BREATH, SHRIMP... BECAUSE I THINK THAT HERE'S WHERE WE PLUNGE INTO TROUBLE!

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT TROUBLE! I WANNA GET MY FISTS ON THOSE RATS AGAIN! ROBBIN' A POOR BOX... WHY, THEY'RE JUST LIKE NAZIS!



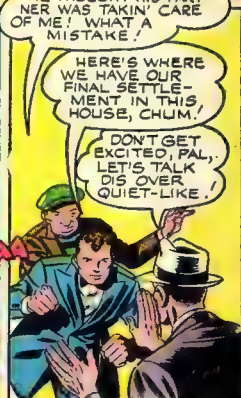
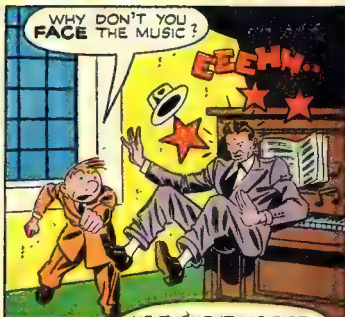
THERE THEY ARE!

HEY... THEM GUYS MUST LIVE HERE!



NOT EXACTLY... WE JUST CAME UP FOR A HANDOUT!

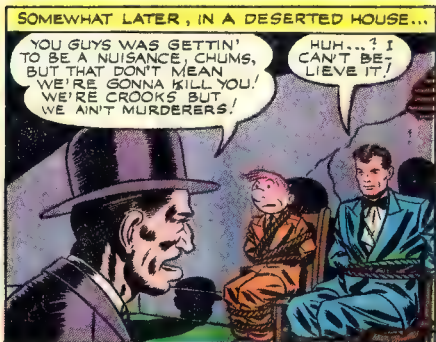
OWWW... YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAND IT OUT TO ME!





DAT'S DE
IDEA! RELAX!

0000...

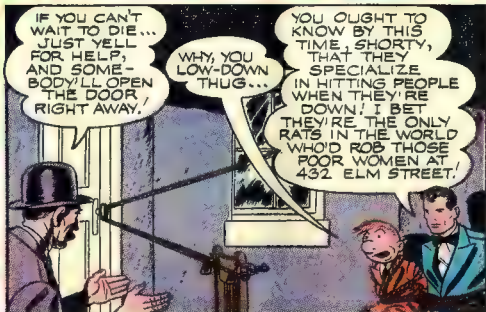


YOU GUYS WAS GETTIN'
TO BE A NUISANCE, CHUMS,
BUT THAT DON'T MEAN
WE'RE GONNA KILL YOU!
WE'RE CROOKS BUT
WE AIN'T MURDERERS!

HUH...? I
CAN'T BE-
LIEVE IT!



WE'LL LET THE
COPS DO THE JOB; WE'RE
GONNA SEND THEM TO
UNTIE YOU... ONLY,
WHEN DEY OPEN THE
DOOR, THE ROPES
WILL PULL THE
TRIGGERS, AND
DEY'LL BE A
LITTLE LATE!



IF YOU CAN'T
WAIT TO DIE...
JUST YELL
FOR HELP,
AND SOME-
BODY'LL OPEN
THE DOOR
RIGHT AWAY!

WHY, YOU
LOW-DOWN
THUG...

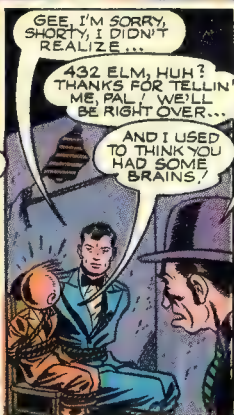
YOU OUGHT TO
KNOW BY THIS
TIME, SHORTY,
THAT THEY
SPECIALIZE
IN HITTING PEOPLE
WHEN THEY'RE
DOWN! I BET
THEY'RE THE ONLY
RATS IN THE WORLD
WHO'D ROB THOSE
POOR WOMEN AT
432 ELM STREET!



WHAT'S
THAT?

JUST BECAUSE
THEY'RE WOMEN
WHO CAN'T DEFEND
THEMSELVES,
AND THEY HAPPEN
TO HAVE A FEW
DOLLARS IN THE
HOUSE...

HEY,
SHUT UP! WHAT
ARE YOU TIPPING
THEM OFF
FOR?



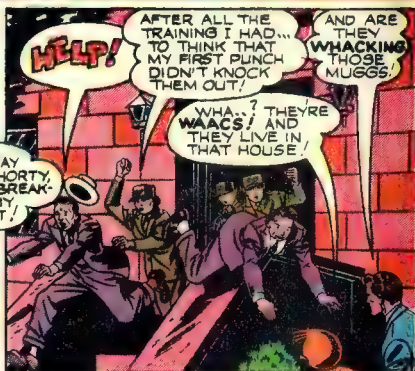
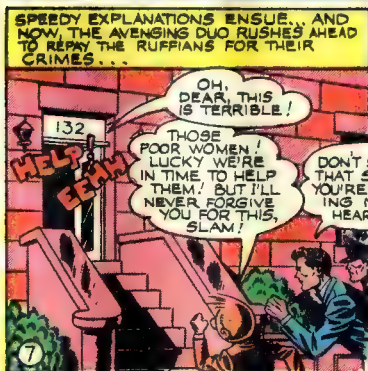
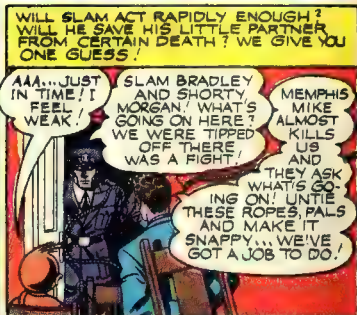
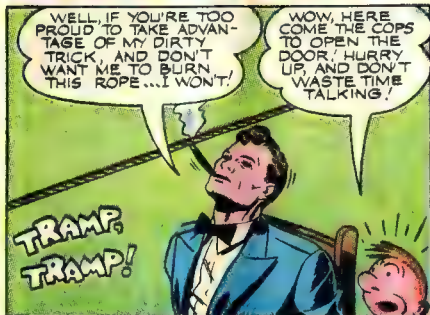
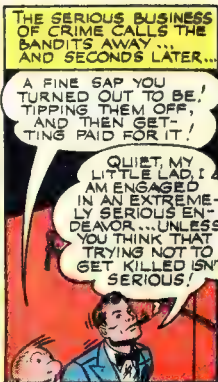
GEE, I'M SORRY,
SHORTY, I DIDN'T
REALIZE...

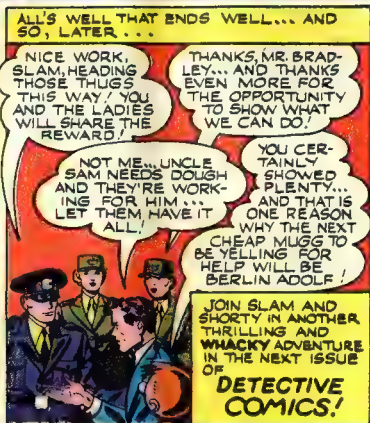
432 ELM, HUH?
THANKS FOR TELLIN'
ME, PAL! WE'LL
BE RIGHT OVER...

AND I USED
TO THINK YOU
HAD SOME
BRAINS!



I OUGHT TO GET
SOMETHING FOR
LETTING YOU
KNOW, MIKE! HOW
ABOUT A CIGAR, SO
THAT I CAN DIE
HAPPY?





THE CRIMION AVENGER!

BY JACK LEHTI

FOREWARNED IS FOREDOOMED!
...THIS IS THE FEAR-MAKING
MOTTO OF THE FEARFUL KILLER
WHO WARNS HIS VICTIMS...
THEN DOES OUT DEATH ON
SCHEDULE...
AND HE PURSUES HIS DOOM-
PLANNING CAREER UNCHECKED
UNTIL...
YES, YOU GUESSED IT!...UNTIL
THAT BLOOD-RED, RED BLOODED
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE... THE
CRIMION AVENGER!...
STRIDES INTO THE ARENA TO
FIGHT A DUEL TO THE DEATH
WITH THE DEATH-DEALING
AUTHOR OF...
**"THE PREVIOUS
MURDERS"**



IN THE OBITUARY DEPARTMENT OF THE
MIGHTY GLOBE-LEADER A TELEPHONE
RINGS...

OBITUARY!
YEAH...GO
AHEAD...

I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE
OBITUARY PRINTED...
"FRIENDS ANNOUNCE
THE SUDDEN DEATH
OF JOHN JOSEPH
JORDAN, OF 813
SINTRAM ROAD, PLEASE
OMIT FLOWERS..." I'LL
SEND THE MONEY
FOR THE NOTICE
BY MESSENGER.

THE NEXT DAY... AN UNDERWORLD CHARACTER SCANS THE OBITUARY COLUMN.



AND THE TREMBLING FINGERS OF "JO-JO" JORDAN... SMALL-TIME CROOK... LET FALL... HIS OWN DEATH-NOTICE!

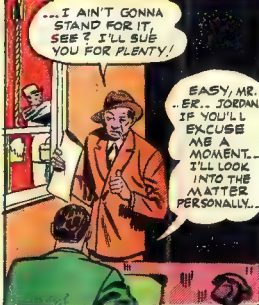
WHY, IT'S MY NAME THERE! JOHN JOSEPH JOR.... IT IS ME. JO-JO JORDAN! BUT I AIN'T DEAD! WHY ARE THOSE GUYS PRINTING MY OBITUARY?



LATER... AT THE OFFICE OF LEE TRAVIS, YOUTHFUL PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE-LEADER!

...I AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR IT, SEE? I'LL SUE YOU FOR PLENTY!

EASY, MR. ...ER... JORDAN. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT... I'LL LOOK INTO THE MATTER PERSONALLY...



TRAVIS LEAVES HIS OFFICE...AND SECONDS LATER, DEATH ENTERS!



HEARING A FEAR-MADDENED SCREAM-- TRAVIS RUSHES BACK!

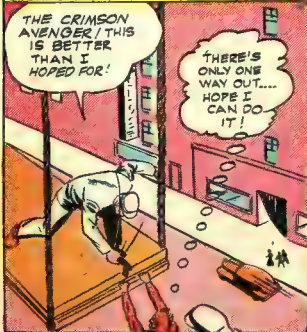
DEAD! HE'S BEEN SHOT! WHERE... THE WINDOW! WHY, THAT PAINTER... HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!



A LIGHTNING-SWIFT CHANGE TO SCARLET GARB...AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER IS OFF IN PURSUIT!!



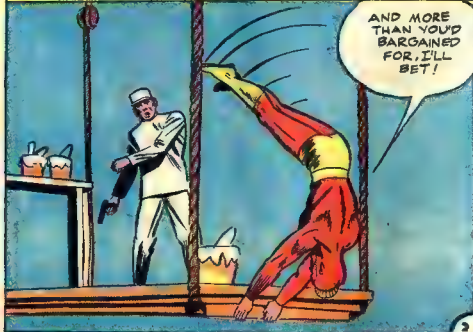
A HAZARDOUS BATTLE WAGES TWENTY STORIES HIGH!



THE CRIMSON AVENGER! THIS IS BETTER THAN I HOPED FOR!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT.... HOPE I CAN DO IT!

THEN, WITH PANTHER-LIKE AGILITY, THE CRIMSON AVENGER SUDDENLY SWINGS HIS LITHE BODY INTO A "BACK FLIP"!

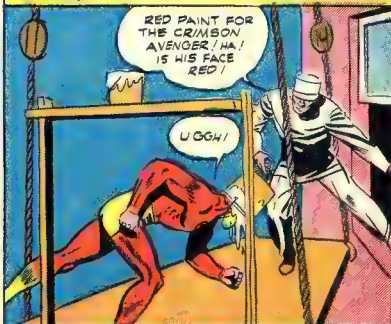


AND MORE THAN YOU'D BARGAINED FOR, I'LL BET!

ON A PERILOUSLY SWAYING PLATFORM, JUSTICE
WRESTLES THE DARK POWER OF CRIME!



THEN--- AN IRONIC, CRIMSON-TINGED TWIST
OF FATE!



BLINDED THOUGH HE IS, THE CRIMSON AVENGER
YET SUCCEEDS IN GRASPING THE KILLER'S ANKLE!



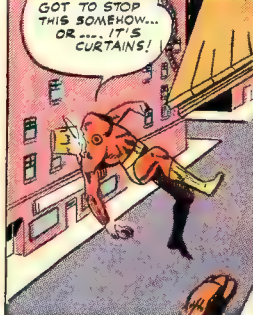
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT, AND--



--- SORRY I CAN'T GO FOR
A RIDE WITH YOU, BUT
I'VE THINGS TO DO!



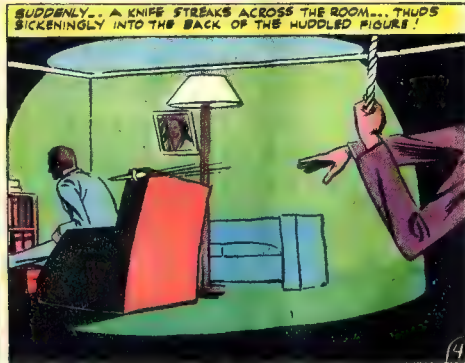
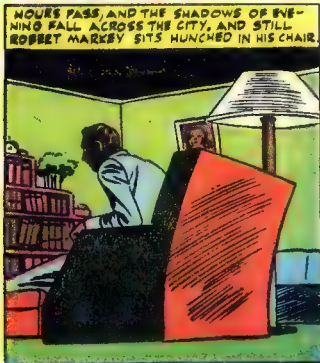
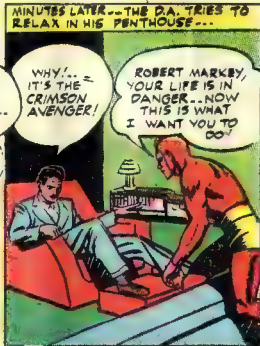
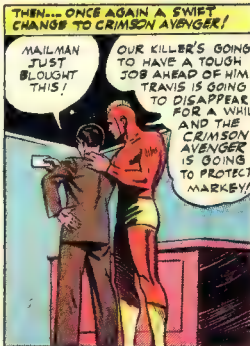
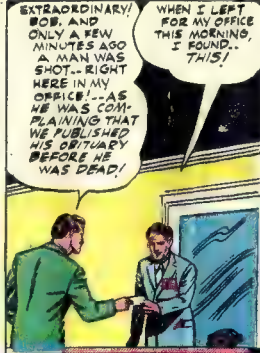
DOWN, DOWN... WITH EVER-INCREASING SPEED TOWARD THE
TEEMING STREET----- BUT... IN THE NICK OF TIME, DEATH IS
CHEATED!

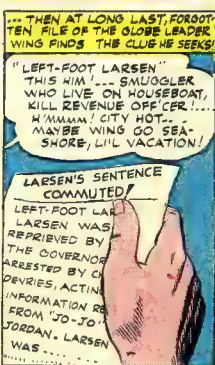
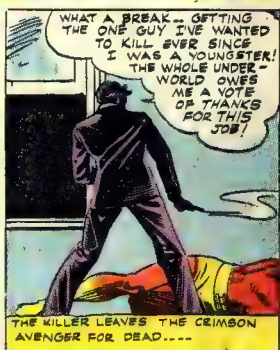
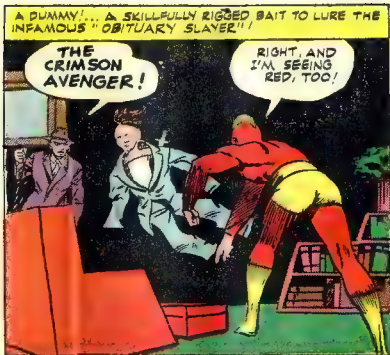


CATCH YOU,
AVENGER! WING
NEARLY NOT TLY--
NOT THINK IT
YOU IN NEW
HAT!



CLEAN-UP SQUAD AT WORK...

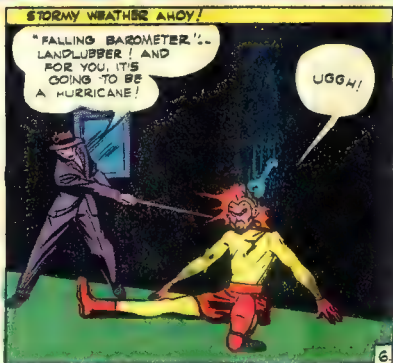




INTO UNIFORM, WING FINDS CALLING CARDS, YES... BUT OF A DIFFERENT, DEADLY, DEATH DEALING KIND



A STEALTHY SOUND--AND WING WHIRLS AROUND---



IN THE MERCILESS CLUTCHES OF A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!

I'LL PHONE IN YOUR OBITUARY TO THE PAPERS... YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO THINK ABOUT BEING DEAD... THE WAY I DID... IN THE DEATH HOUSE!

MARKEY GAVE ME THE SLIP... BUT I BAGGED THE CRIMSON AVENGER! CHIEF OF POLICE DEVYRES... HE PUT ME IN THE DEATH HOUSE... HE GOT MY CARD THIS MORNING. HE'S RETIRED NOW, BOUGHT HIMSELF A NICE LITTLE FARM... WHAT A LAUGH! THEN I MUST SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THAT FOOL TRAVIS!

I'M BEING GENEROUS TO YOU... YOU GET A CARD AND AN OBITUARY. THINK ABOUT IT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I GET OUR CHORES DONE AT THE FARM!

EVERYONE DIE ONCE... NOBODY DIE TWICE... EXCEPT COWARD!

ALONE, WING DEDICES HIS BRAIN FOR A SINGLE LIFE - SAVING IDEA... A MEANS OF ESCAPE!

GET ROPE LOOSE, WARM AVENGER. BUT...HOW? IF KNIFE ONLY CLOSER TO ROPE...

NO BLING KNIFE TO ROPE... BLING ROPE TO KNIFE!

WING THROWS EVERY OUNCE OF HIS WEIGHT TO ONE SIDE, SLOWLY... THE WHEEL TURNS!

IF ONLY... CAN... KEEP FOOT BRACED... HA! ONE STAND GONE!

MINUTES OF TORTURED EFFORT. MINUTES OF NERVE RACKING, PAIN-TAKING, PAINFUL PERSISTENCE!

THEY SAY... KEEP 'EM TLYING!

...AND WING BURSTS FROM HIS BONDS AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT HIS POWERFUL PARTNER... THE CRIMSON AVENGER... BURSTS UPON THE SCENE!

YOU'RE OKAY! THAT FIEND KNOCKED ME COLD, LEFT ME FOR DEAD. WHEN I CAME TO... I REMEMBERED ABOUT LEFT-FOOT LARRY AND HIS HOUSEBOAT. LUCKY WE BOTH STUMBLED ON THE SAME INFORMATION!

HE OO DEVY'S FARM, AND HE BRING DEATH ALONG WITH HIM!

A SILENT, MOONLIT HIGHWAY...THE TRAIL OF A RUTHLESS KILLER!

THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH OF A START. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE SHORT-CUT IF WE'RE GOING TO GET TO THE RAVINE BEFORE THEY DO!

IF WE CAN MAKE RAVINE FIRST, EVERYTHING OKAY. RAVINE BEING ONLY ENTRANCE TO FARM, MAKE YOUR TRAP POSSIBLE!

A DANGEROUS SHORT-CUT, TAKEN AT BREAKNECK SPEED... AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER HAS A NARROW MARGIN OF TIME IN WHICH TO SET HIS TRAP!

ALL RIGHT, WING-- YOU KNOW YOUR PART. I'LL TAKE CARE OF MY END! HURRY! THAT'S THE CAR COMING NOW!

OKAY!

NIGHT ATTACK!

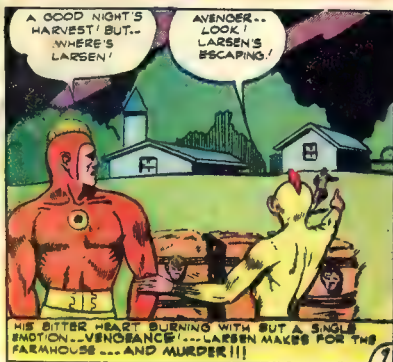
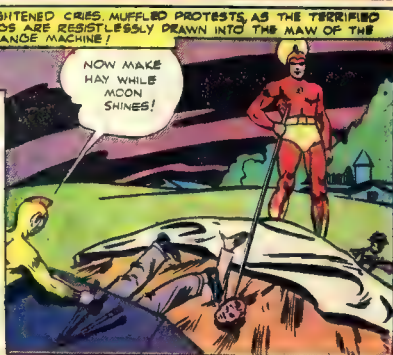
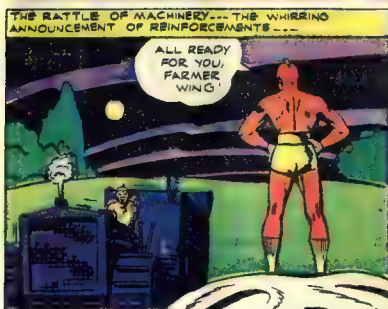
SET THAT SCHEMING DEVIL NEVER TOOK THIS INTO HIS CALCULATIONS!



THE AVENGER DROPS IN ON SOME FRIENDS...

WHEN I LEARNED YOUR PLANS, BOYS, I FIGURED I HAD A KICK COMING!





A GRIM RACE AGAINST TIME AND DEATH... AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER GAINS ON HIS QUARRY...



GOT YOU, LARSON!

AND OVERHAULES HIM!



WRONG FOR ONCE AVENGER I'VE GOT YOU!

THE FIRST BULLET CRASHES INTO THE AVENGER'S ARM, CRIPPLING HIM!



AND NOW I'LL FINISH THE JOB!

THE RUTHLESS MURDERER RAISES HIS GUN - TO FIRE THE BULLET THAT WILL SILENCE THE CRIMSON AVENGER FOREVER!



I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS, AVENGER!

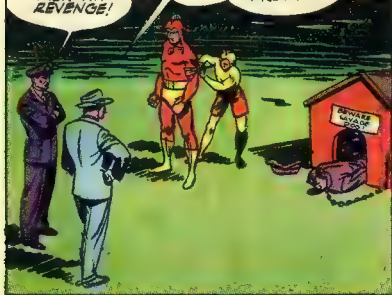
MAD DOG NEEDS LEASH, I THINK!



THANKS, WING! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

HE'S A MAD DOG, ALL RIGHT! FIRST MAD WITH FEAR, THEN WITH REVENGE!

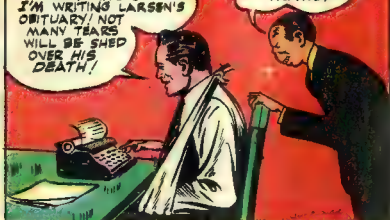
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE CRIMSON, YOU AND TRAVIS AND I WOULD BE DEAD BY NOW, AND THIS KILLER FREE!



WEEKS LATER...

"... ODD, WING... I'M WRITING LARSEN'S OBITUARY! NOT MANY TEARS WILL BE SHED OVER HIS DEATH!"

.. AND THANKS TO CRIMSON AVENGER, TOO, MIST' TRAVIS!



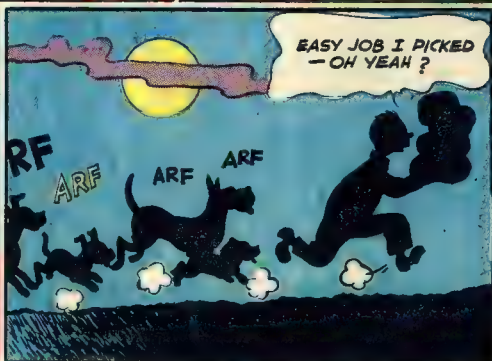
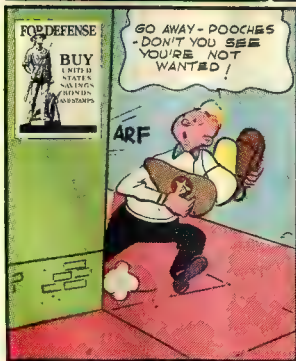
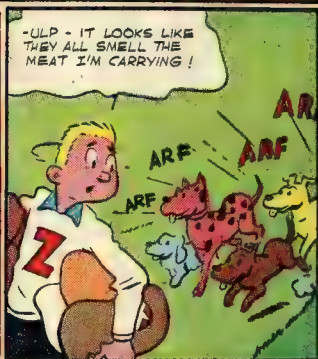
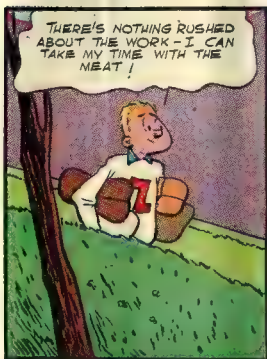
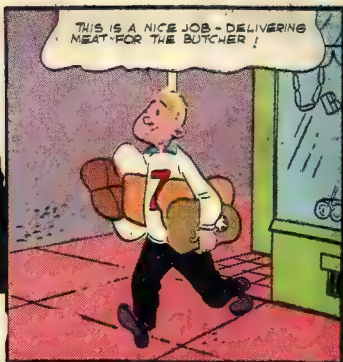
BART REGAN, HERO OF SPY, IS ON A WELL DESERVED VACATION. HE WILL BE BACK WITH US IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF...

DETECTIVE COMICS.

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

STORY BY
GARY BASEMAN



OUTLAW SERENADE

by Tex Duane

GUNFIRE echoed through the canyon as the pinto, running madly, his rider leaning close to his neck, raced through the opening and across the gulch. Just beyond, the hills began again. The hills meant safety, if one could reach them.

The man breathed into the horse's ear. "Ah, my sweet, just a little faster for Quintesa. A little faster."

Forelegs flashed, as if the speeding animal understood. In the twinkling of an eye it had attained the foothills and now it hastily scrambled upward. Another moment and it was lost from view.

Not a second too soon. The posse appeared across the gulch, more than a dozen men, led by hard-riding Sheriff Mason, whose sorrel roan seemed bent on plunging headlong into the foothills. It took all the Sheriff's strength to pull him to bit.

Sheriff Mason leaned back, in the saddle. The horse's flanks, dripping with sweat, were a moist close second to the Sheriff. His men formed a circle around him, answering the summons to halt.

"It's no use, men," the sheriff panted. "Quintesa Doba has eluded us again."

"Seems to me, Sheriff," one of the cowboys said, "he might be hiding in them tar hills."

The Sheriff turned a withering glance on the deputy. "I know he is," he conceded dryly. "But I wouldn't like to go up there and find him. Not the way Quintesa Doba can handle his guns." He spat into the dust. "But if I ever get my hands on that guitar-playing outlaw, I'll—" He slapped his dusty sombrero against the roan's flanks. "Come on, men," he said. "Let's get back into town. I think we've driven him out

of this community. Besides, my daughter's coming from the East today. I got to be getting to the station."

Sadly, the tired posse followed him back into town.

Meanwhile, the object of their search, the indefatigable Quintesa Doba, watched with delighted interest the withdrawal of the posse. He had dismounted from his horse and, shielded by a huge boulder, was drawing on a cheroot.

He was tired but happy. Tonight, the town Relief Society would receive a substantial donation, donor unknown. Once more, Quintesa had come upon a band of outlaws robbing a stage coach. Single-handed, he had subdued the lawbreakers and extracted from their loot what he assumed the insurance company would have paid as a reward. The stolen money he had flurled through a window of the express company.

Unfortunately, he had run into Sheriff Mason, returning from a fruitless hunt. The chase had resulted.

"But how long, amigo, can I keep up thees running around?" he asked the grazing pinto. "Thees weather, she es too hot for such things." He wagged a finger at the quizzical pinto. "I theenk maybe you and me we pull up stakes soon, eh?"

The horse neighed.

Quintesa laughed. "Well, maybe you are right. I geeve the reward money tonight. Eet will help the poor." He picked up his guitar and plucked at the strings. In a few moments his head nodded. He went fast asleep.

Meanwhile, in town, things were happening.

Enid Mason stepped from the train to be greeted by her

father. This was the first time in two years he had seen her. He was amazed at the change in his girl. From a gangling youngster she had emerged into a smart, blonde young lady. He gasped.

"Why, dad," the girl laughed. "What's the matter?"

He passed a hand before his eyes. "It's . . . it's wonderful, honey," he said. "Wonderful! Why, you're so beautiful . . ."

"Now, now," she chided. "The spirit of the west so soon? Here, have the boys help me with my stuff. And you! Oh do be careful with those things."

She ran over, relieved an overburdened cowboy of two packages. Her father pointed to one of them, shaped like an enormous steak. "What's that?"

"My guitar. I'm really quite proficient at it."

"Geetar?" Sheriff Mason groaned. "Don't mention the word." His distress was so apparent, Enid was instantly inquisitive. On the way home he told her about Quintesa Doba.

"Why," she enthused, "he sounds so romantic. And you say he's an outlaw?"

"The best," her father grudgingly admitted. "And the slipperiest. I'd sure like to get my hands on that rascal. But he's got as many disguises as an actor. I know he'll be back in town. He's got something up his sleeve. If only—"

"Dad, what is it?" Enid asked, alarmed by the look in her parent's eyes. "What are you thinking?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, patting her hand fondly. "You know, maybe I'll like your guitar music."

Quintesa Doba, as he rode into town that night, would not have been known to his best

friend. In the smart clothes he was wearing he represented to the nth degree a prosperous drummer. He even had his sales sample case with him, although none knew it was filled with money. This money would be dropped in the local church.

On the outskirts of town, in a dark clump of bushes, Quintesa tied his pinto. The horse, knowing its job, munched silently, resigned to these forays of Quintesa's.

The street was crowded with merry-makers and shoppers. It was a typical Western, Saturday night crowd. Nevertheless, Quintesa kept a watchful eye out for Sheriff Mason. He had a healthy respect for the Sheriff's prowess. Mason, he knew, was no fool. He hadn't given up the chase, only postponed it temporarily.

Quintesa made his way to the church. He knew the door was always open. He stole silently in, removed the money from the case and put it on the pulpit. There was a piece of paper on the packet of money. It said, simply: "For the needy."

He started out silently. Suddenly, hearing voices from a door to the right, he stopped. He flattened himself against the wall as the door opened.

Instantly, the sweetest guitar music Quintesa had ever heard floated through. In the light from the room, he was sure he was seeing an angel, with the minister. The latter was staring raptly at a horn from which guitar music was pouring forth.

Quintesa threw all caution to the winds as inquisitiveness got the better of him. The girl said, "Oh!" as she saw him. Quintesa smiled. "It is all right, miss. And you, too, Padre. I am but a drummer. I stopped by to pay my respects, and I heard this wonderful thing. What is it?"

"A phonograph," the vision said. "I brought it from the East with me. A man named Edison invented it. They are quite popular back in college."

He realized they were alone, the Padre having slipped away.

"It is such beautiful music," he enthused, "like you."

The girl was staring at him. "You say you're a drummer?"

"But yes?" Quintesa saw color flood the girl's face. His mind puzzled over this when suddenly, agitated footsteps were heard.

It was the Padre. In his hand he held the money.

"Look, look," he said excitedly. "I found this on the pulpit." His eyes were shining. "For the poor. And I know where to use it."

Quintesa pretended surprise. "Like a gift from Heaven, eh, Padre?" He shook his black hair, looked bewildered at Enid. "Me?" he answered her question. "I know nothing about it."

For a long moment she studied him, then lowered her eyes. Then she said, "Well, I must go." She held up her hand. "No, Reverend, I can get home by myself."

"Perhaps the Senorita will allow me to accompany her," Quintesa suggested. He did not wait for an answer, but gathered up the marvelous machine in his arms.

"I'm sure it's all right, Miss Mason," the Padre said.

"Miss . . . Mason?" Quintesa caught himself, checked his tongue. Surely, this was not the Sheriff's daughter. Now, he noted the resemblance. For an instant, anger surged inside him, and he looked warily about. No—the sheriff would never select this place for a trap.

Her smile disarmed him. "Very well, you may accompany me," she said.

Outside, she mounted her horse. Then her eyes widened with surprise as she looked back.

The stranger was gone. And with him, the talking machine.

A half hour later, in his office, Sheriff Mason was talking to his deputies. "Keep on eye out for Quintesa Doba," he was saying. "I think he'll show up tonight. Now I'm going home to see my daughter and work out a plan to . . ." He stopped. "Hey, what's that?"

There was no mistaking the voice. It was the voice of Quintesa Doba, and he was singing to the accompaniment of his guitar. The sheriff rushed to the back window.

"Quintesa!" There was no doubt about it. He was there, bold as life, singing lustily in the moonlight. Now, he put the spurs to his mount. A moment later, and the sheriff and posse were thundering in pursuit.

A half hour passed, and Enid Mason, unaware of what was transpiring, was sitting on the porch of her father's house a short distance from town, and strumming spiritlessly on a guitar. Her fingers froze as a familiar voice spoke from the darkness. "Bravo, Senorita. But a little more spirit."

Horse and rider approached inside the circle of light cast by the porch lamp. She saw the rider plainly now.

"You?" she gasped. "But your clothes?"

He was the caballero now, Quintesa Doba.

"Quintesa Doba, your servant, Senorita." He made a sweeping bow as he stood before her.

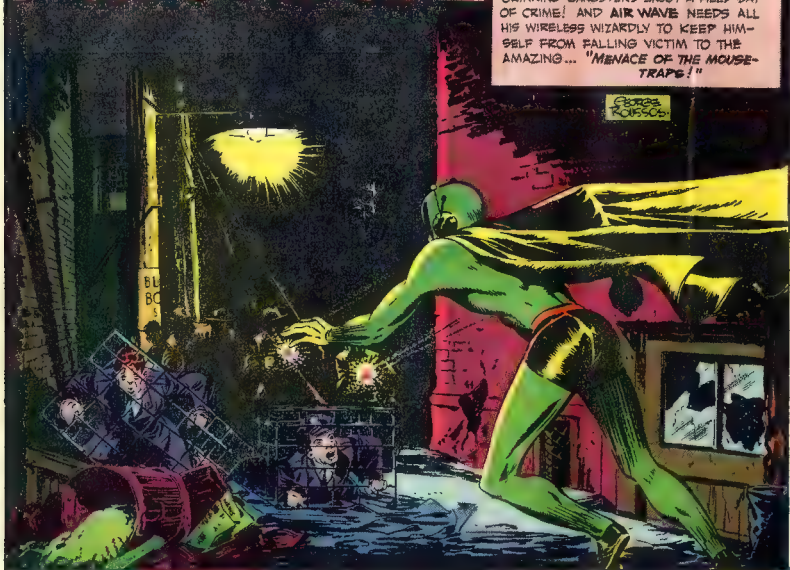
"Quintesa Doba!" She gasped out the words. "Then it was you who put that money there tonight." Impulsively, she added, "I knew you weren't all bad. I made Dad admit it earlier when he tried to make me help trap you. He had a plan. But you must get out of here. What if Dad comes back?" She stared, puzzled, at Quintesa's grin.

"He will not be back for some time," Quintesa said, happily. "He is trying to catch your marvelous machine, which I tied onto a horse that knows its way to the canyon." He slapped his thigh mirthfully. "Those echoes—they will keep your so good father busy for a long time. It is a very fast horse."

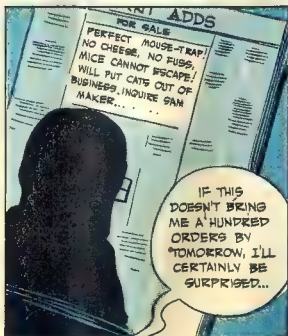
He looked at the girl, who suddenly laughed. "Ah, Senorita," said Quintesa, in transports of delight. "You are the real angel. Come, I shall play your guitar and sing to you."

AIR WAVE

"IF A MAN BUILD A BETTER MOUSETRAP THAN HIS NEIGHBOR," RUNS THE PROVERB, "THE WORLD WILL BEAT A PATH TO HIS DOOR!" SAM MAKER DOES BUILD A BETTER MOUSETRAP. BUT IT IS THE UNDER-WORLD, NOT THE WORLD, THAT SEEKS HIM... AND HIS TRAPS BEGAN TO SNAP SHUT ON STARTLED VICTIMS, WHILE GRINNING GANGSTERS ENJOY A FIELD DAY OF CRIME! AND AIR WAVE NEEDS ALL HIS WIRELESS WIZARDRY TO KEEP HIMSELF FROM FALLING VICTIM TO THE AMAZING... "MENACE OF THE MOUSE-TRAP!"

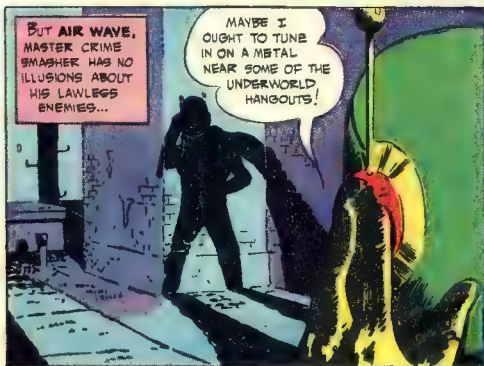


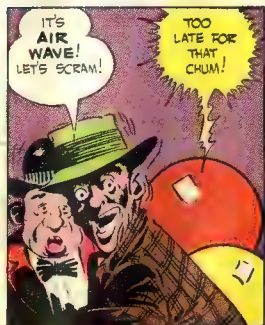
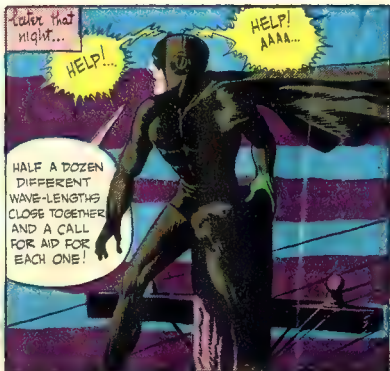
IN THE CUBBYHOLE HOME OF SAM MAKER, WHO AFTER YEARS OF PATIENT TOIL HAS AT LAST ACHIEVED SUCCESS...

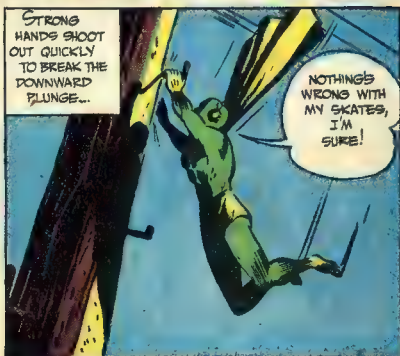
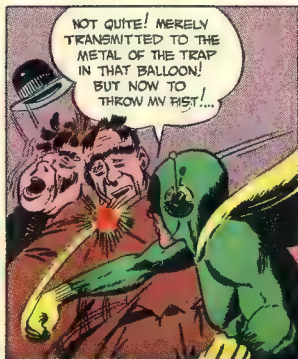


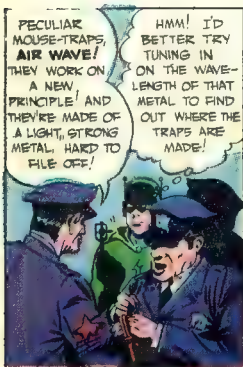


YES, SAM, PEOPLE ARE STILL ANNOYED BY MICE...BUT RIGHT NOW THEY ARE MORE INTERESTED IN GETTING RID OF A PAIR OF RATS CALLED HITLER AND HIROHITO, RATS TOO BIG FOR YOU TO HANDLE! BUT DO NOT DESPAIR... YOUR AD HAS FOUND AT LAST ONE INTERESTED READER!...









HMM! I'D
BETTER TRY
TUNING IN
ON THE WAVE-
LENGTH OF THAT
METAL TO FIND
OUT WHERE THE
TRAPS ARE
MADE!

Next day... AFTER
MANY VAIN EFFORTS...

ANOTHER ORDER
FOR MY MOUSE-TRAPS!
I KNEW PEOPLE
WOULD COME TO
APPRECIATE THEM
SOONER OR
LATER!

I WAS
AFRAID I'D
NEVER FIND
ANY OF THAT
METAL TO
TUNE IN!



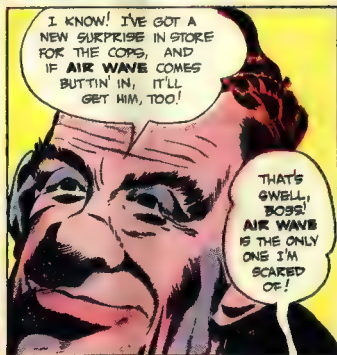
WELL, IF
YOU CAN'T TELL
ME THAT, MAYBE
YOU CAN DO ME
ANOTHER FAVOR!
LISTEN...

...THE MAN
WHO BOUGHT
THOSE TRAPS
DIDN'T LEAVE
HIS NAME!



BOYS, YOU
HAD SO MUCH FUN
WITH THOSE COPS
LAST TIME. I THINK
I'LL COME ALONG
TO WATCH!

OKAY, BOSS,
BUT THEY
WONT FALL FOR
THE SAME
TRICK
AGAIN!

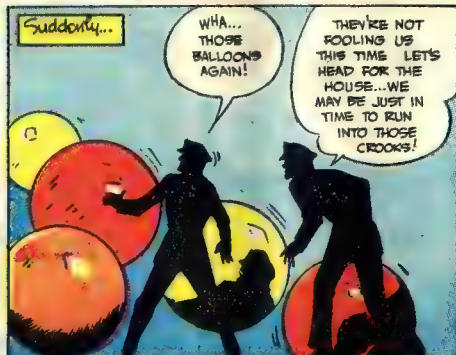


THAT'S
SWELL,
BOSS!
AIR WAVE
IS THE ONLY
ONE I'M
SCARED
OF!



MR. PUTNAM'S
PARTY WOULD
MAKE A
REAL HAUL
FOR CROOKS!

THAT'S
WHY WE'RE
HERE!



WHA...
THOSE
BALLOONS
AGAIN!

THEY'RE NOT
FOOLING US
THIS TIME LET'S
HEAD FOR THE
HOUSE...WE
MAY BE JUST IN
TIME TO RUN
INTO THOSE
CROOKS!



THEY MUST HAVE SNEAKED IN BY A SIDE ENTRANCE.

THEY'LL BE CARRIED OUT THE FRONT DOOR, AFTER WE'RE THROUGH WITH THEM!



Unexpectedly...

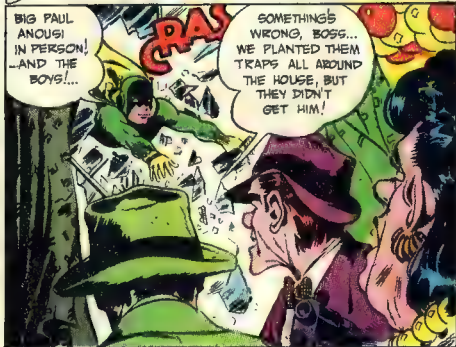
WE'RE CAUGHT AGAIN! THE BALLOONS WERE FAKES... THEY HAD THESE TRAPS PLANTED HERE!

THEY'RE THE KIND THAT FOLD FLAT AND THE MINUTE WE STEPPED ON THEM, THEY JUMPED UP AND GRABBED US!



LOOK OUT, AIR WAVE! THOSE TRAPS WILL CATCH YOU, TOO!

NOT THIS TIME!



BIG PAUL ANOUS! IN PERSON! -AND THE BOYS!...

SOMETHING'S WRONG, BOSS... WE PLANTED THEM TRAPS ALL AROUND THE HOUSE, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET HIM!



MY TURN TO DO A LITTLE PLANTING... AND I THINK IT'LL BE A HAYMAKER!



THIS TIME, YOU'LL GO PLACES!

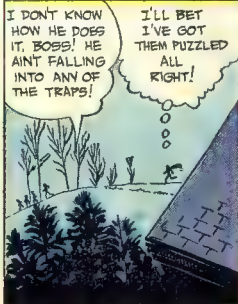


WELL, BOYS... HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?...

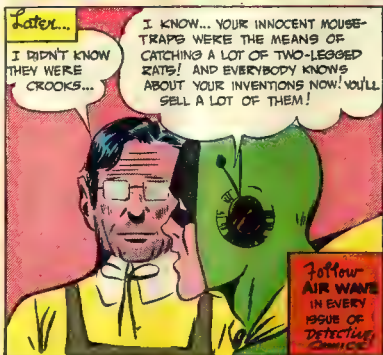
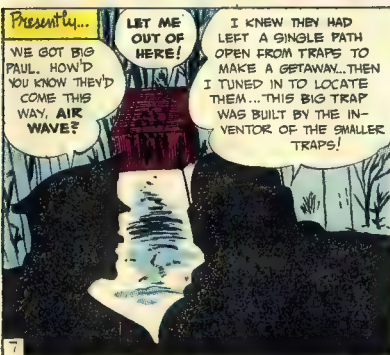
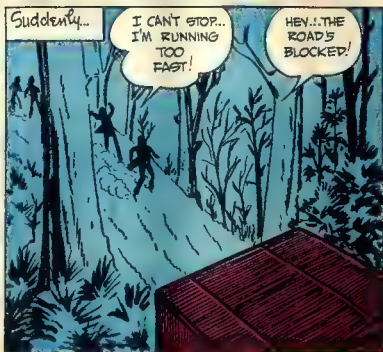
BUT, NEXT MOMENT, THE HOODLUMS SECURE A MOMENTARY REPRIEVE...



SCANT SECONDS LATER, AIR WAVE TAKES UP THE PURSUIT!

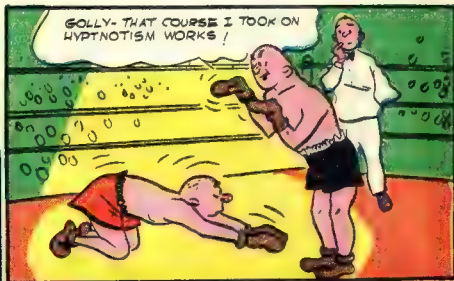
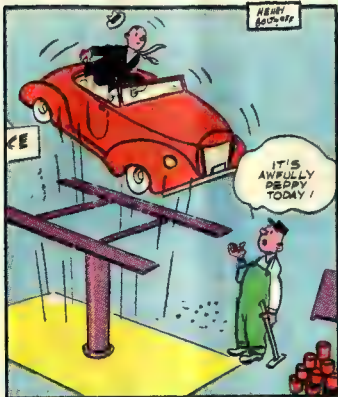


AS THE DESPERATE GANG LEADER DRAWS A GUN...



Follow AIR WAVE IN EVERY ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS

LAFFS



ARISE, ALL MY BROTHERS, AND GET YOURSELVES THESE TWO SWELL MAGAZINES! FOR HIGH-POWERED STORIES AND TWO-FISTED PICTURES THEY JUST CAN'T BE TOPPED--AN' THAT'S TOOTIN' A COUPLE!

BOTH ON SALE NOW!

BOY COMMANDOS

WILD DAYS OF ADVENTURE

BUY MORE BONDS AND STAMPS

BAT-MAN

INSURE THE 4TH OF JULY!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

The

604 COMMANDOS

in FREEDOM STATION

ORDER OF THE DAY

Commandos to your Posts! We're Going on the Air! Where? Well, that's a Sixty-four Dollar Question! Let's Go!!

---Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

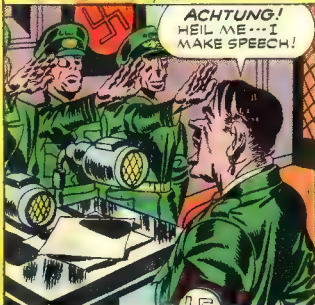
OUT OF THE TERROR-FILLED PRISON THAT IS GERMANY...UP OUT OF THE VERY HEART OF THE TEUTONIC GRAVE YARD OF LIBERTY, SKILLFULLY DODGING THE RAGING GESTAPO WITH ALL ITS DETECTION DEVICES, COMES

THIS CLEAR, STRONG RADIO VOICE OF TRUTH INTERRUPTING THE HOARSE HYSTERICAL FUHRER HIMSELF...TO BRING HOPE...THRILLING THE SOULS OF THOSE WHO STILL PRAY IN SECRET FOR DEMOCRACY'S BLESSING AND LISTEN, AT THE PRICE OF THEIR HEADS...THIS IS FREEDOM STATION!

JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

EVERY TALE
MUST
HAVE A
BEGINNING,
IT IS TRUE...
BUT WE DIDN'T
PARTICULARLY
LIKE OURS!
SO WE
CONTACTED
RIP AND THE
BOYS AND
ASKED
THEIR ADVICE!
IT WAS
WITH MUTUAL
SADNESS WE
AGREED... IT
JUST HAD
TO START
THIS WAY...

YES... HIM! ADOLPH SHICKELGRUBER!
THE PLACE? HIS FANTASTIC
MOUNTAIN SYRIE IN BERCHTESGARDEN...
THE TIME? WELL, ALL THE TIME!



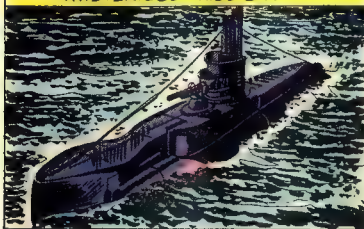
ACHTUNG!
HEIL ME... I
MAKE SPEECH!

SHRILL IS THIS MADMAN'S VOICE,
SCREAMING HATE!

LISTEN, MEIN FAITHFUL PEOPLE!
SOON I VILL OPEN OOP MEIN
GREATEST U-BOAT SHIPYARD VICH
VILL BUILD T'OUSANDS OFF U-
BOATS! VE VILL SCHVEEP DER
SEAS! HEIL!



BUT LISTENING TOO LONG TO HITLER
RAVE TURNS THE STOMACH...SO LET
US LEAVE BERCHTESGARDEN AND GO
OUT OVER THE CHOPPY CHANNEL, WHERE
A BRITISH SUBMARINE SPEEDS ON A
MYSTERIOUS MISSION!

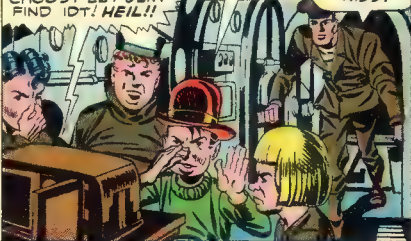


INSIDE THE SUB...THE BOY COMMANDOS!

HEIL! LET DER
ALLIED FOOLS TRY
TO BOMB DIS SHIP-
YARD, HEH, HEH!!
CHOOST LET DEM
FIND IDT! HEIL!!

DAT GUY KIN
SOITINLY
SLING
DA BULL!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON IN
HERE,
KIDS?



I HAFF SCHPOKEN!
I AM DER FUEHRER!
UND VOT I SAY GOES!

MY WORD!
SOME BLOKE'S
BROKEN H'IN
HON 'ITLER'S
SPEECH!

THIS...IS THE VOICE OF
FREEDOM STATION! WE
IGNORE THE SPOUTINGS
OF HITLER TO MAKE A
GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT!
PEOPLE OF GERMANY...
**THE COMMANDOS
ARE COMING!**

HEY,
RIP...
DAT
GUY'S
DAFFY!

NO, BROOKLYN...
HE'S QUITE
SANE! WE **ARE**
GOING TO
GERMANY...TO
BROADCAST
ON **FREEDOM
STATION!**

YOU ARE DER
FOOEY...UND VOT
YOU SAY
SCHMELLS!





YES THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE AMAZED... BUT EVEN MORE CONSTERNATED IS...

TEUFEL!! MEIN SPEECHING DEY INTERRUPT... MEIN! UND DEN VOT? ACH DU LIEBER! DER COMMANDO SCHVINE VILL SPEECH SOON... OVER DER VERBOTEN FREEDOM STATION!

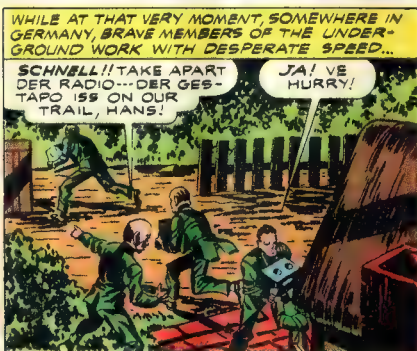
CALL OUDT MEIN GESTAPO, MEIN LUFTWAFFE, MEIN PANZERS! COTCH DESE UNDERGROUND PIGSVOT RUN DIS RADIO! COTCH DER COMMANDOS VEN DEY LAND! DEY MUST NOT BROADCAST! SCHNELL... OR I SEND YOU ALL TO DER RUSSKY FRONT!

HEIL!!



AND SO... AS ALL OVER GERMANY, THE RUMOR SPREADS...

THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING! THE DREAD GESTAPO SWINGS INTO ACTION, USING RADIO DIRECTIONAL FINDERS IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO LOCATE FREEDOM STATION!



WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY, BRAVE MEMBERS OF THE UNDERGROUND WORK WITH DESPERATE SPEED...

SCHNELL!! TAKE APART DER RADIO---DER GESTAPO ISS ON OUR TRAIL, HANS!

JA! VE HURRY!

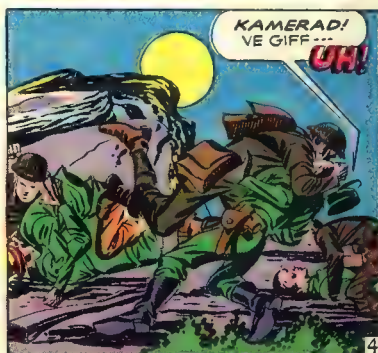
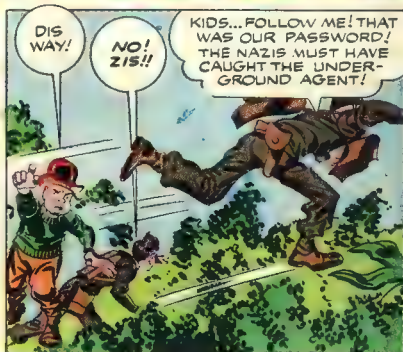
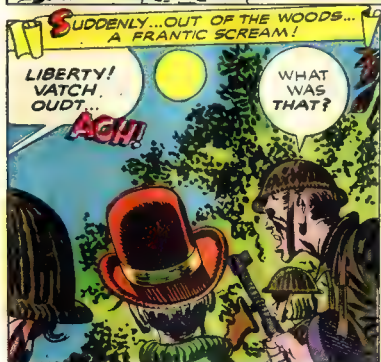
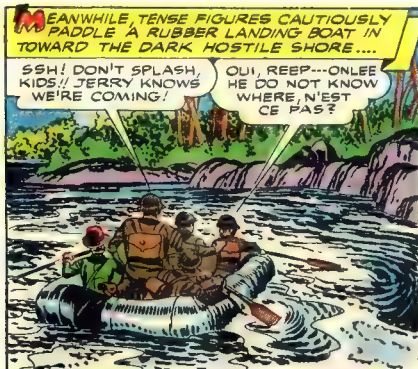


NOW INTO DER WOODS! BURY DER RADIO PARTS!



I GO NOW TO MEET DER COMMANDOS!

BE CAREFUL, WERNER... DER NAZIS EXPECT DEM! DEY HAFF TRIPLED DER COASTAL PATROLS! DER VORD ISS... LIBERTY!



THE NAZIS ARE SOON SMOTHERED IN THE FURY OF THE COMMANDO ATTACK...AS RIP TURNS TO THE INJURED UNDERGROUND AGENT---

SPEAK TO ME, MAN!

IT ISS NO USE...I DIE... BUT YOU HAFF C-COME SO THAT A DECENT GERMAN CAN LIVE...GO VUN KILOMETER... STRAIGHT AHEAD...VITE FARM...HOUSE... AGH... LIBERTY!!

POOR FELLOW...HE TRIED TO WARN US... HE...HE'S FADING... FAST!

H...HE'S DEAD!

WE WEEL AVENGE HEEM, REEP!

YA!

A WHITE FARMHOUSE...A SLIM THREAD TO LEAD RIP CARTER AND HIS CREW THROUGH THE STYGIAN DARKNESS THAT IS HITLER'S GERMANY!

KEEP TOGETHER, KIDS! SILENTLY, NOW...WATCH THE TWIGS...

THEN...

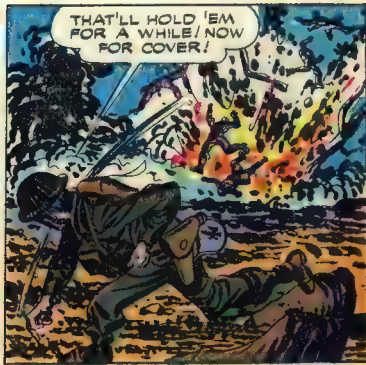
THERE IT IS...THE WHITE FARMHOUSE! COME ON, KIDS... FAST!!

BUT WITHOUT WARNING, A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN FIRE PEPPERS THE GROUND BEFORE THEM...

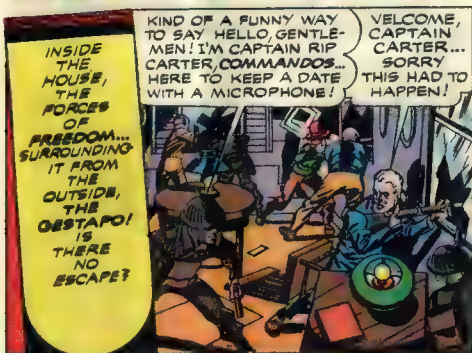


TAKE SHELTER IN THE HOUSE, KIDS... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE PUNKS!

SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE DOGS!



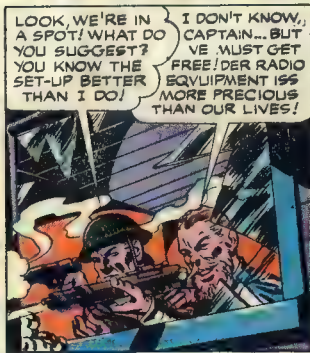
THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE! NOW FOR COVER!



INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE FORCES OF FREEDOM... SURROUNDING IT FROM THE OUTSIDE, THE GESTAPO! IS THERE NO ESCAPE?

KIND OF A FUNNY WAY TO SAY HELLO, GENTLEMEN! I'M CAPTAIN RIPCARTER, COMMANDOS... HERE TO KEEP A DATE WITH A MICROPHONE!

WELCOME, CAPTAIN CARTER... SORRY THIS HAD TO HAPPEN!



LOOK, WE'RE IN A SPOT! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? YOU KNOW THE SET-UP BETTER THAN I DO!

I DON'T KNOW, CAPTAIN... BUT WE MUST GET FREE! DER RADIO EQUIPMENT IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN OUR LIVES!



I'VE GOT IT! IF IT WORKS... WE'LL TURN THE TABLES ON THE KRAUTS AND SAVE THE RADIO BESIDES! LISTEN EVERYONE...

TIME SLOWLY PASSES... AND THE FIRING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE GROWS STEADILY WEAKER... THEN SUDDENLY STOPS... OUTSIDE IN THE BRUSH, THE NAZIS ARE BEWILDERED!



DER SHOOTING... IDT ISS NO MORE?

VOT GIFFS? THEY PLAY TRICK MAYBE, JA? MAYBE THEY ARE DEAD, JA?

THE JITTERY NAZIS CLOSE CAUTIOUSLY IN ON THE SILENT HOUSE...



...ONLY TO BE GREETED BY A HUMAN AVALANCHE!

**ACH DU LIEBER!
THEY FOOL US!**



**SAY UNCLE...OR
I'LL BAT YER
BRAINS IN!!**

**KAMERAD,
COMMANDO!!**



**KAMERAD!
KAMERAD!!**

**SAY
UNCLE...
HUH?**

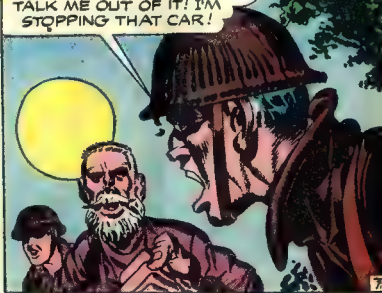
**KAMERAD ISS GER-
MAN FOR GIFF OOP,
BROOKLYN!**



**NO MATCH FOR THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST
FIGHTERS, THE NAZIS ARE BEATEN DOWN...
BUT A FEW SURVIVORS MAKE A BREAK
FOR AN ARMORED CAR!**



**BY GLORY! I CAME HERE
TO MAKE A BROADCAST...
AND SATAN HIMSELF CAN'T
TALK ME OUT OF IT! I'M
STOPPING THAT CAR!**



AS RIP RACES TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE STEEL MONSTER, ITS MACHINE GUN OPENS A DEADLY FIRE!

STAY BACK, ALL OF YOU! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS JALOPY!

REEP!...YOU WILL BE KEEL!



IF I CAN JUST GET UNDER THAT GUN-FIRE...

OOF! THIS POTATO PATCH MAKES A GOOD CUSHION...



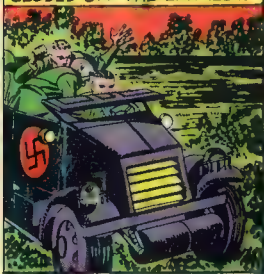
POTATOES?...SA-AY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A KID...WE USED TO---



...SQUEEZE A SPUD INTO AN AUTO'S EXHAUST PIPE... AND...



...AND THEN, TO THE NAZIS' AMAZEMENT, THE MOTOR COUGHS, SPITS, AND STOPS DEAD... RIP'S POTATO HAS CLOSED OFF THE EXHAUST!



ALL RIGHT, RATS! WE'VE GOT YOU CORNERED! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP... OR WE'LL START SHOOTING!



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...

KAMERAD, COMMANDOS! VE ZURRENDER! DON'T SHOODT!!

MAKE WIT' DA FEET, KRAUTS! YOUSE HOID WHAT RIP SAID!



OKAY, NAZIS! OFF WITH THOSE DUDS! YOU HEARD ME!!



I NEFFER BELIEVE
I SEE THE DAY
I YEAR DIS
UNIFORM, ACH!

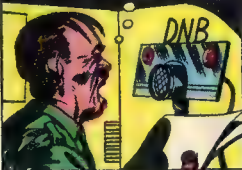
BRING THE RADIO
EQUIPMENT IN HERE,
MEN... SNAP TO IT!!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
ADOLPH... AFRAID?

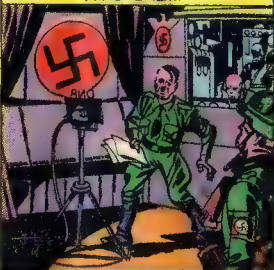
M-MEIN FAITHFUL P-PEOPLE,
I-I SPEECH TO YOU V-VITH
DER SPIRIT OFF DER LION
VICH ISS DER SPIRIT OFF
D-DER THIRD REICH---

ACH! SO FAR DEY HAFF
NOT INTERRUPT ME... JA!
DOT ISS GOOD! I SPEECH
GOOT NOW... JA!



BUT LET
US LEAVE
THE
COMMANDOS
FOR THE
MOMENT AND
LOOK IN AT
BERCHTESGARDEN
WHERE A
CERTAIN LITTLE
MAN WITH A
MUSTACHE
PREPARES TO
POISON THE
CLEAN AIR
WITH HIS
HYSTERICAL,
FILTHY
TWADDLE!

TIMIDLY HE GOES TO THE
MICROPHONE A
BEATEN, SELF-STYLED RULER
OF MEN... FOR HIS LAST BROAD-
CAST WAS DISASTROUS, AND
THIS ONE...



HEIL! I AM DER FUEHRER!
I AM DER MASTER OFF
EUROPE UND TOMORROW
OFF DER WOLD! HEIL! I
AM DER FUEH---TEUFEL!
VOT VAS DOT!!

YOU'RE A REFUGEE
FROM A WHACKY
FACTORY, ADOLPH...
GET OFF THE AIR!



ALL OVER GERMANY THE
STRONG, CONFIDENT VOICE
BLARES... INTO EVERY HOME
WHERE LISTENING TO HITLER
IS A MUST... FOR THIS IS THE
VOICE OF ---

FREEDOM STATION
CALLING! CAPTAIN RIP
CARTER, COMMANDO,
SPEAKING! LISTEN TO
ME, PEOPLE OF
GERMANY!



And
AS THE
GESTAPO
SEARCHES...
FREEDOM
STATION
CONTINUES
BROAD-
CASTING...
FROM
INSIDE
A
NAZI
ARMORED
CAR!



OVERTHROW THIS BROWN-
SHIRTED TRASH! RISE UP
AS FREE MEN! RISE UP
AND TAKE YOUR PLACE
IN THE FAMILY OF THE
UNITED NATIONS!

WHILE UP FRONT IN THE CAB OF THE
ARMORED CAR THE DISGUISED
PATRIOTS SUDDENLY REALIZE...

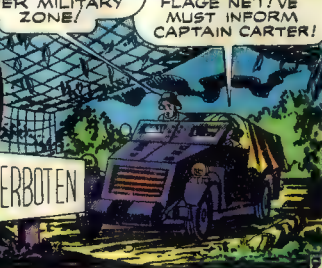
HANS! WE ARE IN
DER MILITARY
ZONE!

LOOK! CAMOU-
FLAGE NET! WE
MUST INFORM
CAPTAIN CARTER!

HEY,
RIP... HOW
ABOUT US?



VERBOTEN



'WE'VE STOPPED!
HOLD IT,
BROOKLYN!

CAPTAIN CARTER...
LOOK OUTSIDE!!
A NET... OVERHEAD,
AS FAR AS VE CAN SEE!

AW, JUST
WHEN I WUZ
GOIN' ON
DE AIR!

WOW! WHAT A FIND! THIS
MUST BE THAT BIG NEW U-
BOAT SHIPYARD HITLER WAS
BRAGGING ABOUT! AND THE
NET IS TO CAMOUFLAGE
IT FROM OUR BOMBERS!



AND THEN, AS IF TIMED BY A KINDLY FATE,
FROM OUT OF THE WEST COMES A DEADLY HUM...

ACHTUNG!
TO DER FLAK
GUNS! THE R.A.F.
COMES!

THE R.A.F.! COMING TO
BOMB... BUT THEY'LL
NEVER SPOT THIS PLACE
UNDER THAT NET!

WHAT'LL
WE DO,
RIP?



THE
HUM OF
THE
BOMBERS
GROWS IN
INTENSITY...
THE NAZI
GUN CREWS
OPEN
FIRE... AS A
GESTAPO
RADIO
DIRECTION-
FINDER
TRUCK
APPROACHES
THE
ARMORED
CAR!

DER R.A.F.
COMES! BUT HERR
GOERING HASS SAID
DEY'LL NEFER BOMB
DIS PLACE! BUT VE
MUST FIND DER
FREEDOM STATION!

VE ASK DER
DRIVER OF DIS
ARMORED CAR
IFF HE SAW
ANYDING OF
DEM, JA?



HEIL! HAFF YOU SEE
ANYDING SUSPIC-
IOUS? VE LOOK
FOR DER SECRET
RADIO STATION!
VE LOCATE IDT...
VE RUSH DERE...
UND IDT ISS GONE!

HEIL! NEIN!
VE HAFF
SEEN
NODINGS!



AND AS THE GESTAPO TRUCK DRIVES AWAY... THERE IS FEVERISH ACTIVITY INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR!

THOSE BOMBERS ARE PASSING BY! KIDS, THIS HAS GOT TO WORK! I'M GOING TO CALL THEM...THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THEY'LL PICK US UP... ALL OTHER SENDING STATIONS ARE OFF THE AIR!



THE SPEEDING BOMBERS PASS UNWITTINGLY OVER THE CAMOUFLAGED SHIPYARD...AS OVER THE ETHER... A DESPERATE MESSAGE CRACKLES!



CALLING R.A.F. FLIGHT! CALLING! CALLING...

ON AND ON...THE LUMBERING AERIAL GIANTS FLY...UNAWARE THAT BENEATH THEM IS A PRIZE AMONG PRIZES...THEN...

I SAY... WHAT'S THIS?

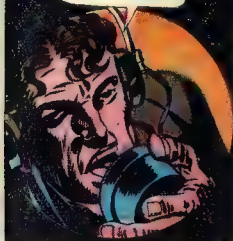
CALLING R.A.F. FLIGHT! DO YOU HEAR ME? CALLING R.A.F....



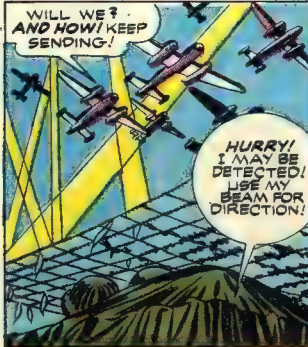
R.A.F. ANSWERING! I HEAR YOU! I HEAR YOU! GO AHEAD! IDENTIFY YOURSELF! WHO ARE YOU?



CAPTAIN CARTER, COMMANDOS! YOU'VE PASSED HITLER'S SECRET NEW U-BOAT YARD! IT'S CAMOUFLAGED BY A NET! GIVE IT A PASTING, WILL YOU?

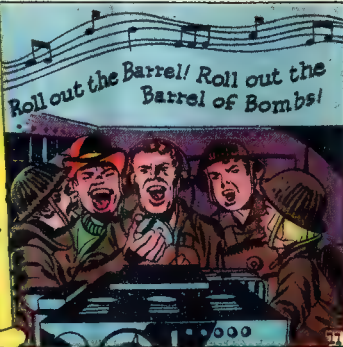


WILL WE? AND HOW! KEEP SENDING!



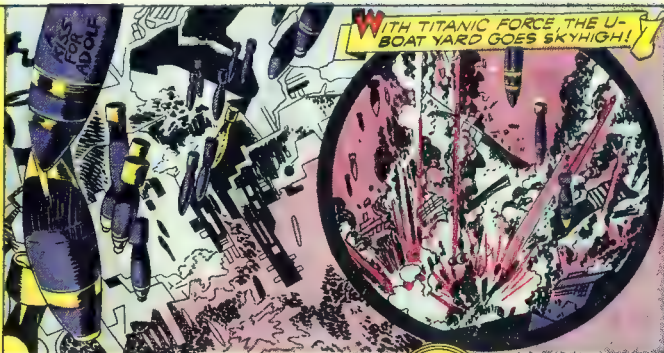
HURRY! I MAY BE DETECTED! USE MY BEAM FOR DIRECTION!

WHILE DOWN IN THE CAR... THEIR VOICES ACTING-LIKE INVISIBLE COMPASSES GUIDING THE GREAT DEADLY R.A.F. BIRDS TO THE CAMOUFLAGED SHIPYARD, RIP AND THE BOYS SING FOR JOY!



Roll out the Barrel! Roll out the Barrel of Bombs!

THEN
WITH AN
EARTH-
TREMBLING
ROAR
DOWN
DROP
THE
MIGHTY
PLANES...
BOMB BAYS
OPEN...
AND
OUT
SCREAM
DEADLY
DEMOLITION
BOMBS...



WITH TITANIC FORCE, THE U-
BOAT YARD GOES SKYHIGH!

THE SHOCK IS TERRIFIC...
THE GROUND CONVULSES,
THROWING THE ARMORED
CAR CONTAINING OUR
HEROES OVER ON ITS SIDE!



STILL THE BOMBARDMENT
CONTINUES RELENTLESSLY,
BUT FROM THE WRECKED
STEEL CAR...NOT A SIGN
OF LIFE...



Then...

**GOT TO GET THE
OTHERS OUT...**



**CAPTAIN CARTER,
MY COMRADE...
HE IS HURT!**

**WE'VE GOT TO
SCRAM OUT OF
HERE! ALL RIGHT,
HANS... PUT HIM IN
THAT BOAT THERE!
WE'RE "BORROWING" IT!**

**IN THE "COMMANDEERED" MOTOR
LAUNCH, THE COMMANDOS HEAD
OUT TO SEA... AND FREEDOM!!**

**WELL, WE CAME
TO SPEAK, BUT
I GUESS THE
R.A.F. DROPPED
A MESSAGE
THAT WAS A
LITTLE MORE
FORCEFUL!**

**I WUZ
NEVER
ONE FER
MAKIN'
SPEECHES,
ANYHOW!**

**VE VILL
COME
BACK
MIT AN-
NODER,
RADIO,
CAP-
TAIN... A
BETTER
RADIO...
SOON!!**

**BY BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS,
YOU, TOO,
CAN HELP
DELIVER A
FORCEFUL
BLOW
AGAINST
THE
AXIS!**



The **SECRET WEAPON** You **MUST** Have!



BLITZED By **LIGHTNING** **JU-JITSU!**

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, in *double-quick-time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a powerhouse lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the dead-devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength against himself. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! Not in weeks or months! You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with more than 100 drawings, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men; prison, bank, asylum and factory guards; and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98¢ (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc.

FREE!

IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new **POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS**. Here are revealed the build, and counter-blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 2708
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me in plain package for 5 days' **FREE** trial **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. I will pay the postman 98¢ (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME

ADDRESS

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☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose 98¢ with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING

This Speed-Dry Brush pen with interchangeable point for straight lines and curves along with a bottle of instant dry ink, included FREE with this offer. Manufacturers guaranteed value is \$1.50 for this brush pen outfit alone.



You'll be delighted and amazed with the astonishing contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, yes it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and cartooniest faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortcut dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent! If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for \$1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

DRAW FOR BIG PAY

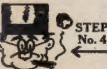
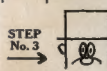
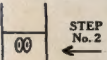
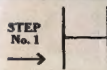
ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson. . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. . . . Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS



Read All You Get

You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any design, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

ACT NOW! Rush Coupon . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back.

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Be one of the lucky ones to get in on this amazing offer. Act at once! Just sign your name and address to coupon at right and rush it to us. You will receive everything by return mail. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. If not delighted after 5 days return for full refund.

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ALL THIS INCLUDED



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I accept your special offer. Send your show card lettering and cartoon instructions with all equipment by return mail. Also include the free Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit. I will deposit \$2.98, plus postage with postman. If I am not satisfied I will return within five days for full refund. (Send \$2.98 now and save postage, same guarantee.)

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NOTE: Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by \$1.50 cash.

JUST 4 EASY STEPS

Captain Tootsie MONSTER MAN!

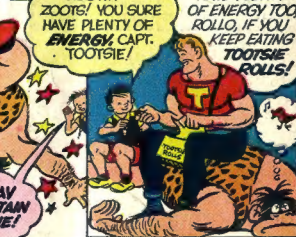
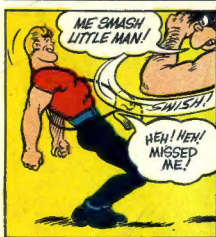
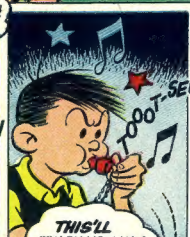


THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER—IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL
for only **10¢**
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!
For Playing Explorer!

FOR YOUR BIKE!
To Hang in Your Room!
For Playing Russian Soldier!

NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine Fox Tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! Now your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike, hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department D2, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN